The Natural History of Fear, by Jim Mortimore

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[Part One]

(An echoing environment. A metal top is set going.)
DOCTOR: When a humming top is at the acme of its gyration, it becomes so steady and quiet that it doesn't seem to move. In this state, it is said to sleep. Dormir comme un sabot.
CHARLEY: Sleep like a top. (pause) I'm scared.
C'RIZZ: We're all scared. But we all agreed, it's for the common good. Isn't it?
CHARLEY: What will it feel like? Do you know?
C'RIZZ: Will it hurt?
DOCTOR: Sleep. It will just feel like going to sleep.
(Footsteps approach, with a rattle of small wheels.)
CHARLEY: They're here. They've come for us.
C'RIZZ: It's time.

(Crackle and faint voices as if tuning into a radio, then, with background music -)
CHARLEY [OC]: My time is up. There is no alternative. You rescued me. You gave me these last few wonderful months. I've lived more than I could ever have dreamed of.
(Jumble of sounds.)
CHARLEY [OC]: All thanks to you. And you're the sweetest, kindest, most wonderful man I ever met.
DOCTOR [OC]: You're my friend, and I love you.
CHARLEY [OC]: I love you too. And this is no way to say goodbye, but please, please. Do it now!
DOCTOR [OC]: I can't. I can't!
(Electronic whoosh and theme music heavy with drumbeats.)

VOICE: This is the Voice of Light City. Welcome to your new workday. Today is High Productivity Day. Loyalty and productivity will be rewarded with extra licensed broadcast hours. Your state loves you.
VOICE [OC]: Happiness through acceptance.
PROLES: Productivity through happiness.
(A man and a woman, with the woman sounding exactly like Charley Pollard. A woman's voice in the background is talking in the radio/TV/whatever.)
FEMALE PROLE: Extended infotainment period, wonderful! That episode was really exciting. I can't wait to find out what happens next.
MALE PROLE: It's just an infotainment. I'll get a breakfast cube. We'll have to hurry though. We'll be late. I can't afford to work additional hours this month, not with all those extra broadcast hours to use up.
FEMALE PROLE: Don't bother with food. I'll go without. There's no just about it. Those two really love each other. They'd do anything for each other, as I would, for the common good.
MALE PROLE: The common good.
(He turns off the broadcast.)
MALE PROLE: You know, occasionally I think
FEMALE PROLE: You sound like you don't believe in the common good.
MALE PROLE: Well, is there any reason I should?
FEMALE PROLE: (gasps) You said? You used a. No, I can't.
MALE PROLE: (scared) It was a slip. An accident. I didn't mean it. I didn't think.
FEMALE PROLE: You certainly didn't.
MALE PROLE: Well, you provoked me. Surely no one will notice such a small
FEMALE PROLE: (scared) I noticed. This is what happens when you don't listen

to regular infotainments. This is what happens when you lie about your broadcast licence. We're licensed to watch more than a certain amount of hours for a reason, you know, and it isn't so you can play the fool with our lives!
MALE PROLE: I know that!
FEMALE PROLE: I should never have listened to you. I should never have let it go on for so long.
MALE PROLE: Look, I only meant to
FEMALE PROLE: I'm blinded by love, of course, but you don't understand what love is.
MALE PROLE: I do.
FEMALE PROLE: Real love, real loyalty.
MALE PROLE: I do love you! I
FEMALE PROLE: And now this. This use of questions.
MALE PROLE: It was just one question.
FEMALE PROLE: Questions breed questions. You know what happens now.
MALE PROLE: You'll call the Conscience. But, it's been too long. We'll never make up the hours. The fire'll be too high. You can't.
FEMALE PROLE: I must. I have.
VOICE [OC]: (under dialogue and siren) This is the Voice of Light City, Unauthorised use of interrogative preposition
FEMALE PROLE: It'll be better for both of us this way.

VOICE: Two zero four zero seven nine tier M seven zero four, south cluster. Conscience has been assigned. Attention. This is the Voice of Light City.

MALE PROLE: It's them. So fast.
FEMALE PROLE: Come in. Conscience.
CONSCIENCE: Sub-conscience, fetch the box.
(The male Conscience sounds exactly like C'Rizz.)
SUB-CONSCIENCE: (female) Immediately, Conscience.
(A machine hums like an oscilloscope.)
CONSCIENCE: Begin session. Touch two zero four zero seven nine tier M seven zero four. South Plaza. Occupants, proles, two. One male, one female. Confirm, please.
FEMALE PROLE: Confirmed, Conscience. It was my decision to
CONSCIENCE: A crime has been committed here.
FEMALE PROLE: Yes, Conscience. It was
MALE PROLE: I admit to the crime. I used, I asked a question. The crime is mine alone
CONSCIENCE: Determination of blame is not within your purview. There is no need to compound your crime with additional unlawful behaviour.
MALE PROLE: But I only meant to say that
CONSCIENCE: Sub-conscience, scan them.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: At what strength, Conscience?
CONSCIENCE: Maximum. Always scan at maximum strength.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Of course, Conscience.
CONSCIENCE: And fifty demerits for asking a question in front of a prole. Never let a prole hear you ask a question.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: My abject apologies, Conscience. Begin scan.
(Presses buttons.)
MACHINE: (distorted and repeating) Obedience. Respect. Love. Respect. Love. Happiness.
MALE PROLE: I'm scared.
CONSCIENCE: Stop the scan. Deep level ID scan suggests world for male includes a signifier for self. You have a name.
MALE PROLE: No, I, I
CONSCIENCE: A prole with a name. Very curious. Transfer this male to the Ministry of Tourism. The Editor will decide what to do with it.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Immediately, Conscience. I also request instructions for the disposal of the female.

CONSCIENCE: The female is clear. Release it.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: (querying) Conscience.
CONSCIENCE: Oh yes, of course. You're quite right. There is concern regarding psychological cushioning. Please confirm emotional dependence on this male.
MALE PROLE: Depends? Of course she does. We depend on each other. We love
CONSCIENCE: Minor personality revision is permitted to facilitate new state-sanctioned marriage. Schedule this female for reorientation at the first available opportunity.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Confirmed, Conscience.
CONSCIENCE: Session ends.
MALE PROLE: But I love you!
FEMALE PROLE: Very soon we'll never have met. We'll be happy again.
MALE PROLE: But!
(Slam. Footsteps recede.)

(Footsteps loud.)
CONSCIENCE: Male prole will match pace with the squad. Hesitation will be punished.
MALE PROLE: Why are you doing this? Why is it a crime to ask questions? Why is it a crime to love?
CONSCIENCE: It is not a crime to love.
MALE PROLE: No, of course it isn't. Not when the object of our love is the all-powerful Light City. That's right! All you drudges down there, don't you listen to me! I've committed the ultimate sin! I've asked a question! Oh, no. Don't listen to me. Just keep to your schedules, watch your broadcasts, think your permitted thoughts. Robots! You're all robots! (thump) You can't even understand me, can you? No wonder, when half the words I'm speaking have been removed from your language. You don't even have names. They don't even let you have names! Listen to me. Listen to my words. Words have been denied us for too long. (carries on below -)
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Subject has used unauthorised language, Conscience.
CONSCIENCE: So I hear. Male prole will stand back from the parapet immediately.
MALE PROLE: I do this in the name of love.
(Runs then screams as he falls a long, long way.)

(Buzz of voices then the scream approaches. Splat and thump! Final weak groan.)
MALE PROLE [OC]: (weakly) Won't anyone even ask why?
(A man sounding exactly like the Doctor speaks.)
EDITOR: I take it this account is complete and uncensored?
CONSCIENCE: That's correct, Editor.
EDITOR: And the witnesses?
CONSCIENCE: There were slightly more than a thousand.
(Recording switched off. A broadcast can just be heard in the background.)
EDITOR: Slightly more than a thousand. They saw and heard everything.
CONSCIENCE: Variations to their daily routines are within statutory limits, Editor, but, er, yes. They could hardly have failed to notice such an unusual event.
EDITOR: Memory is such an unpredictable process. Neurons, proteins, the chemical tides that govern our lives. Who can really say whether the things we think of as real, as meaningful, even exist except in our own minds. Tell me, have you ever wondered
CONSCIENCE: Absolutely not, Editor.
EDITOR: I'm very pleased to hear it, Conscience. Wondering is the province of those luckier than you are.
CONSCIENCE: The task of the Conscience is not to wonder or question. The task is to provide guidance, offer happiness, and ensure obedience.
EDITOR: Happiness through acceptance.

CONSCIENCE: Productivity through happiness. That is what I believe.
EDITOR: I'm sure it's what our slightly more than a thousand witnesses also believe. List their ID bars in order of proximity to the crime scene. Tube the information to the Secretary for revision here at the Ministry of Tourism.
CONSCIENCE: I'll have the list ready by the end of this current work period.
EDITOR: It's clear to me these proles have been extremely productive. The State rewards productivity. They need a nice holiday. Oh, and Conscience? Make sure to include yourself on that list.
CONSCIENCE: Of course.
EDITOR: We must lead by example. With absolute power comes absolute responsibility.

VOICE: This is the Voice of Light City. Welcome to your new work day. Today is High Productivity Day. Your State loves you. Happiness through acceptance.

(Walking.)
SUB-CONSCIENCE: I'd like to thank you, Conscience, for this opportunity.
CONSCIENCE: You asked a question. You broke the law. I could have assigned you for personality revision. Don't thank me. Watch. Learn. Become a better citizen.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Happiness through acceptance. I understand.
CONSCIENCE: You don't. But you will.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: They stop talking when you approach. A sign of respect.
CONSCIENCE: Of fear. They're frightened of me, of what I can do to them. And they remember what happened here today. It's why we have to help them.
(Walking. Faint conversation stops.)
SUB-CONSCIENCE: You pass from their lives and their notice as if you were never here. As if they wish you were never here.
CONSCIENCE: If they were permitted to wish.
(Stop walking.)
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Broadcast Lodge. The seat of power. Ever since I was a child, I

SUB-CONSCIENCE [OC]: I never thought I'd see inside.
CONSCIENCE [OC]: Remain here.
SUB-CONSCIENCE [OC]: I, but. Yes. Yes, off course, Conscience.
(Speaker turned off. Door opens. Muzak in background. The Receptionist is a very cheerful lady.)
RECEPTIONIST: Conscience. Welcome to the Broadcast Lodge.
CONSCIENCE: I need to access the infotainment schedule. I don't have an appointment, I'm afraid.
RECEPTIONIST: For any one else, that would be a problem. Just follow the grey carpet tiles to Studio One. You know the way.
CONSCIENCE: I do. Thank you. I'll need the Disc Jockey.
RECEPTIONIST: No problem. I'll have him meet you there.
CONSCIENCE: You've been very helpful. Happiness through acceptance.
RECEPTIONIST: Productivity through happiness.

(Door opens, closes. Muzak muted to outside.)
DJ: Be with you in half a mo. Just setting up the juke box here with the post-meridian infotainment broadcast schedule. Now then, I'd just love to know where ah! There you are. These clerks, I don't know where they dig them up. They wouldn't know how to file a nail if they weren't trained for a year and a day.
(Continues sliding discs into slots.)
CONSCIENCE: I appreciate your meeting me here on such short notice.
DJ: What's good for the Conscience is good for the State. What's good for the State is good for me.
CONSCIENCE: Succinctly put.
DJ: There are districts where a clerk's job would be to install idiosyncratic filing

systems that wouldn't make sense to an entire department of code-breakers. The result of which, as I'm sure you realise, is low efficiency and low happiness, and low productivity. Things are different here, the Light City, the capital. Here you will find Axons filed under A, and Zarbi filed under Z.
CONSCIENCE: (droll) How interesting.
DJ: Oh, yes. There are eight basic hero types. Cross-referencing for companions and villains is straight forward, and locating the discs is as easy as oh. Yes, thank you. As easy as falling off a log. With my system, anyone could operate this place.
(Finishes putting discs into slots.0
CONSCIENCE: Which, of course, makes you completely indispensable.
DJ: Bad filing is how wars start, my friend.
CONSCIENCE: You have a unique perspective.
DJ: An efficient perspective should never be unique. Please tell me how I can help you today.
CONSCIENCE: I need a list of infotainment broadcasts for the last year. I need to compile a set of word and symbol triggers to cross-reference with a brain scan taken recently from a male prole. I'll need certificated and uncensored files.
DJ: An unusual request. There are lost episodes, of course. Stories that were commissioned but never made, or made but misfiled post-broadcast. Sheer incompetence, of course, as I said, but with several million records here it's unlikely we'll ever see White Noise, for example, or even Dark Rising. But of course you're interested in real programmes, not the half-forgotten memories of an old drudger like me. I'll get the index, but I can tell you right now it'll be a big list. Here at the Broadcast Lodge, we operate two simultaneous schedules. First of all you have your repeats, which we use to reinforce basic rules for day to day living. Behaviour in the workplace and at home, that sort of thing. Then you have new programming. These are specially commissioned works designed to
CONSCIENCE: Introduce major changes to the social and psychological structure of the general populace. I know the theory, now show me the facts.
DJ: Well, since you ask, here it is. The full list. Two hundred and fifty four titles broken down to a total of, let's see, one thousand three hundred and six episodes. With one episode synopsis per page plus cast lists, extras, details of props and sets, that makes oh, phrr, well, I hope you've brought someone to help you carry it all.

SUB-EDITOR: (male) No, no, to the left if you please, nurse.
NURSE 2: (female) Yes, sir.
SUB-EDITOR: Mind the medulla oblongata.
NURSE 1: (male) My apologies, sir.
SUB-EDITOR: Another slip like that, and you'll never recall making the mistake.
EDITOR: Report, please.
SUB-EDITOR: The subject has been prepared. The body suffered irreparable damage and has been reclaimed by the Department of Protein. The skull, however, was intact. The cerebellum has been removed, nutrient lines have been attached to the carotid arteries. I must warn you, sir, the physical and psychological trauma to this brain was extreme. The chances are we'll recover only ambiguous deep level symbols. They can be difficult to interpret.
EDITOR: I understand. Fetch the box please, nurse.
NURSE 1: Yes, sir.
EDITOR: A note for future reference, Sub-Editor. Please remember that we all need the brain. We are investigating the mind, the Id, the thought processes. The body is irrelevant, and that includes the face. It's hard to remain objective when the subject of your investigation is staring at you.
SUB-EDITOR: I understand. Nurse, please cover the face.
NURSE 2: Right away.
EDITOR: That's better. Now we can really get to the heart of the matter.
(Machine starts whirring.)
EDITOR: Consciousness can be independent of brain function. Think of a radio. When you open it up you'll not find the programme.

(We hear the prole's last scream.)
EDITOR: The radio is just the receiver. When you turn off the radio, it's still here. You just can't hear it.
(Some words, sounded like don't let me fall. Machine turned off.)
EDITOR: The persistence of memory. A single image fighting through the chaos of misfiring neurons. Overwhelming, ambiguous. The fragment could refer to a child's toy, a fear of falling. The love of a spouse or lapsed faith in the State. Any memory is meaningless without context. There is no context here. We're too late.
(Machine turned on.)
EDITOR: Access query box file alpha seven zero nine two nine five three, this work period. Conscience probe deep level, hutch two zero four zero seven nine tier M zero seven zero four South Plaza. Subject, domestic engineer, female. Authorisation for access, State Editor.
VOICE: Access denied. File unavailable.
EDITOR: Confirm access authority.
VOICE: Authority confirmed, Editor. Access is denied. File unavailable.
EDITOR: Even to. State authority for denial.
VOICE: Authorisation, Certification Board. File status is inactive, pending censorship. Public record will be available in local theatres in due course.
EDITOR: I see. Tube a warrant to the South Plaza Conscience. I want the female prole from hutch two zero four zero seven nine tier M zero seven zero four

EDITOR [OC]: South Plaza brought in for cross-referencing.
SUB-EDITOR [OC]: Yes, Editor.
EDITOR [OC]: And have this male's remains recycled. A place for everything, and everything in its place, Sub-Editor. Blood in this quantity is both wasteful and non-conducive to safety in the workplace.
(Recording turned off.)
EDITOR: The sound of a child's humming top. A female in labour. The sound of construction. Someone, somewhere, has had an idea.
VOICE: Attention. Use of uncensored experimental music has been detected.
EDITOR: Not again.
VOICE: Location, Ministry of Tourism, office of the Editor, post meridian work period.
EDITOR: Music is censored to maintain an emotional equilibrium among the proles. I am *not* a prole.
VOICE: Use of uncensored music is forbidden by order of the State.
EDITOR: And I am thinking. To think I need to feel. To feel, I must have stimulation.
VOICE: Conscience has been assigned.
EDITOR: Do you want me to preserve this perfect little State of yours?
VOICE: Attention. Unauthorised use of interrogative preposition has been detected. Location, Ministry of Tourism, office of the Editor, post meridian work period.
(Footsteps approach.)
VOICE: Subject will remain in this location. Conscience has been assigned.
(Door opens.)
EDITOR: I'm working.
(Door closes.)
CONSCIENCE: And so am I, sir.
EDITOR: I have the right to privacy.
CONSCIENCE: Of course you do, sir. Authorised privacy is essential to happiness.
EDITOR: Happiness through acceptance.
CONSCIENCE: I'm glad you see it that way, sir.
EDITOR: All right, let's get it over with. Scan me.
CONSCIENCE: Thank you, sir, but that won't be necessary. I'm sure these minor transgressions were committed while protecting the State from a far

greater crime. Please confirm, sir.
EDITOR: Confirm. Confirm. I'll tell you what I'll confirm. In this office, Conscience, we adhere strictly to the law of censorship. I wasn't giving you permission. Now bring the box in and scan me.
CONSCIENCE: At once, Editor.
(Door opens.)
CONSCIENCE: Fetch the box. Subject will remain still while undergoing scan.
(Scan begins.)
CONSCIENCE: Subject will indicate compliance.
EDITOR: Yes, of course I'll remain still.
(Scan ends.)
CONSCIENCE: I see. Yes, I understand. Oh. Remove the box. Leave us.
(Door closes.)
CONSCIENCE: A test. You were testing me to see if I had been affected by the male prole.
EDITOR: Not to see *if* you had been affected. That was inevitable. To assess by what degree you'd been affected. Tell me what else you saw in my mind.
CONSCIENCE: I passed the test?
EDITOR: By the skin of your teeth. Let me tell you something, Conscience. Our rank does not grant us privileges beyond the median. If anything, we owe more loyalty and more responsibility to the state than any one else except the Certification Board and the Censor. It is our duty to implement the law, but we ourselves must never break it. Never. If we do, then anything we accomplish, all of our good work, will be rendered meaningless. I'm sure I don't need to test your understanding.
CONSCIENCE: Er, no, Editor.
EDITOR: Good.
VOICE: Attention. Female prole has been processed and is now awaiting cross-referencing in the Whispering Gallery.
CONSCIENCE: If you'll excuse me, I'll leave you to your work.
EDITOR: No, you can purchase overtime to finish your tasks later. An opportunity to study this cross-referencing will be good for you. With any luck, it will reinforce correct and attainable life goals.
CONSCIENCE: I understand.
(Rattle of what sounds like a cassette tape being taken out of a machine.)
CONSCIENCE: A gift.
EDITOR: First Universe.
(Dead space.)
CONSCIENCE: What I heard
EDITOR: Yes, it was. And perhaps it should be available to all. (dead space) This music is censored because harmonic content apparent in the aria causes cellular damage to certain forms of biological life. The composer was the final victim. Rules are never made without good reason, Conscience.
CONSCIENCE: I understand.
EDITOR: Think of it as a reminder of the things we sacrifice for the common good. Keep it close. Consider it before each work period, and remember this conversation.
CONSCIENCE: I will.
EDITOR: Good. Now, remove yourself from the list for personality revision and come with me.

(Jumble of vague noises and words.)
FEMALE PROLE: Don't let me fall.
SUB-EDITOR: Same sounds.
EDITOR: The same words.
CONSCIENCE: Coincidence.
EDITOR: Unlikely.
SUB-EDITOR: Memory symbols are assembled in a different order to that of the male subject.
EDITOR: But they have a nexus.

SUB-EDITOR: The words 'don't let me fall.'
EDITOR: And the sound of a child's toy, a humming top.
CONSCIENCE: A trigger.
EDITOR: Good. A hypnotic, I agree. And the sounds of building.
CONSCIENCE: Symbolic, of course. A barrier, something to protect the deeper levels.
EDITOR: The deeper levels. Like Russian dolls, nested at the cerebellum. The mammal brain, the reptile brain, each a more primitive state than the one before. Deeper, deeper, further and further back until. Until. No, not a barrier. At least, not completely, and not going backwards. Think of the other sounds. Childbirth, that's a sound associated with the future. Add this to the sounds of construction. Yes. Yes. I see it clearly now. This female wants to give birth to the future. She sees herself as mother and architect of the future.
NURSE 1: (panics) Changes. This female wants to make changes.
EDITOR: Control your staff, Sub-Editor.
SUB-EDITOR: My apologies, Editor. Nurse, you've committed word-crime. Report for immediate revision.
NURSE 1: Yes, sir. Right away. You're right, I should never. I'm sorry.
(Footsteps recede.)
EDITOR: Incredible. If I had not actually witnessed this I would have believed it a lie. A prole capable of original thought, conceiving a world view beyond its own, projecting to a future that is yet to take place, and presuming it could shape that future. A prole has limits. A prole cannot act alone. There must be a network, an underground. Social crime, like Russian dolls, spiralling further and further out in to the world. The lives we have built so carefully, shaped so meticulously, they must, they must be. Well, there we have it. In block capitals even a child could read. Revolution. Nurse, wake the subject.
NURSE 2: At once, sir.
FEMALE PROLE: Fall. Don't let me. Love the State. I love the State. I venerate the regime. I love the State. I venerate the regime.
EDITOR: You may think the worst thing I can do to you is hurt you.
FEMALE PROLE: I love the State. I love the State. I venerate the regime.
EDITOR: Prayers won't help you now.
FEMALE PROLE: I love the State. I venerate the regime. Why are you doing this to me?
EDITOR: Session one, post meridian. The subject, a female prole, has asked her first question. Self-orientation query typical of standard ego and pre-revision realisation phase. Questions are bad for the common good. Questions lead to answers.
(Female prole cries out.)
EDITOR: Answers to knowledge.
(Female prole gasps in pain.)
EDITOR: Knowledge leads to freedom.
(More pain.)
EDITOR: Freedom leads to dissatisfaction. Dissatisfaction leads to (sotto) unhappiness. (normal) The State wants you to be happy. The State wants all of its citizens to be happy.
FEMALE PROLE: (crying) I love the State. I venerate the
EDITOR: If you did, you would not ask. You may think the worst thing I can do to you is hurt you. Nurse, the index.
(Riffling the edges of the pages.)
NURSE 2: Yes, Editor.
FEMALE PROLE: I love the. I
EDITOR: Thank you, Nurse. There are truths that make our great metropolis work. A builder builds. A healer heals. An Editor performs revisions. For each his proper place. Happiness through acceptance. A citizen serves. A citizen does not use questions. A citizen does not enjoy freedom. Only the deviant use questions. Only the perverse crave freedom. You have used questions. You have enjoyed freedom. Therefore you can no longer be.
(Female prole in near silent agony.)

EDITOR: There, there. It's all right. It's all right. It's for your own good. The State loves you. It loves you. Take a breath. That's right. A deep breath. There. Now, say goodbye to everything you ever knew.
(Female prole screams.)

[Part Two]

(A crackly broadcast.)
CHARLEY [OC]: Do in such an absurd manner.
DOCTOR [OC]: Have you noticed that? Terrible, isn't it? Entire continents have fallen victim to the plague now.
CHARLEY: [OC]: Plague? What plague?
DOCTOR [OC]: It's sweeping the planet at the moment. An insanity virus. Once contracted its victims begin to scream.
NURSE: Yes, I remember that, but
DOCTOR [OC]: Gyrate their limbs uncontrollably.
NURSE: No, it's not possible. This isn't a repeat. I can't, I never.
DOCTOR [OC]: Press their faces against one another. And then they tend to fall over and die.
(Episode closing theme. A woman who sounds exactly like Charley Pollard and the Female Prole speaks.)
NURSE: That's not right. It didn't happen like that. I didn't say.
(A man replies.)
ENGINEER: You must love these stories.
(Switches off broadcast.)
NURSE: I do. They're important. I. They stick in your head.
ENGINEER: Well, I don't see how. This is a new season. Maybe the writers are getting lazy, reusing the same ideas. Lazy workers make poor product.
NURSE: Yes, you're probably right. Though I don't think it's so much a case of them being lazy as me remembering things I haven't heard.
ENGINEER: Darling. Darling?
NURSE: Sorry, I was just
ENGINEER: It's all right. It's all right. Now, I want you to do something for me. Say you will.
NURSE: Of course. Anything.
ENGINEER: Make an appointment to see the Conscience. Buy a sick day. We can afford it.
NURSE: You know, you're right. It has been bothering me. I will go and see the Conscience. A little

NURSE [OC]: Post-holiday therapy will do me the world of good.
MALE [OC]: Oh, that's terrific darling.
(Recording continues under dialogue.)
NURSE: So you see, under the circumstances, I felt it was important to arrange an appointment as soon as possible.
CONSCIENCE: Well, I wouldn't worry too much. A little disorientation is to be expected after a long holiday. It'll fade after a while.
NURSE: Well, thank goodness for that.
(Recording turned off.)
CONSCIENCE: Meanwhile, I'll just take a few notes.
(Recorder turned on.)
CONSCIENCE: Now, you told me you knew lines from the broadcast even though it wasn't a repeat.
NURSE: Yes, that's right.
CONSCIENCE: And you've never worked in the Broadcast Lodge.
NURSE: No, that's right, I haven't.
CONSCIENCE: I see. You're a nurse. Your husband's an engineer. Tell me about your marriage.
NURSE: It's the best. You can't be together for as long as we have without being

in love, you know.
CONSCIENCE: Of course not. You have children.
NURSE: We've applied for permission. The paperwork is extensive.
CONSCIENCE: It's not important. Tell me about your holiday.
NURSE: It was wonderful.
CONSCIENCE: Tell me where you went.
NURSE: Oh, abroad. I think. It was lovely.
CONSCIENCE: Lovely.
NURSE: Yes. Yes, I remember that very well.
CONSCIENCE: Good. Now, the reason that brought you here. Tell me all you can about it.
NURSE: Occasionally. Well, occasionally I can remember things. Things that haven't happened. My husband noticed it first. I knew before that, of course, that my behaviour was. Anyway, once he pointed out what I was doing, it seemed obvious I should report the matter.
CONSCIENCE: Failing to report deviant behaviour is a serious crime.
NURSE: Yes, I know that.
CONSCIENCE: And yet you failed to report your own behaviour.
NURSE: That's right.
CONSCIENCE: I fail to see why.
NURSE: I don't. I mean, I. I have no answer, Conscience.
CONSCIENCE: No, it doesn't seem as if you do.
NURSE: I want you to report this matter however it turns out. I don't believe in secrets. I know they're not allowed. I love the State. I want to be a good citizen.
CONSCIENCE: You've no need to worry about privacy. This conversation is being recorded and will be passed on to the appropriate authority as a matter of due course.
NURSE: Thank goodness. I hate secrets. Oh, I've said that already. Secrets breed questions. Questions are bad for the common good.
CONSCIENCE: Questions.
NURSE: Lead to answers.
CONSCIENCE: Answers.
NURSE: Lead to knowledge.
CONSCIENCE: Knowledge.
NURSE: Leads to freedom.
CONSCIENCE: Freedom.
NURSE: Leads to dissatisfaction.
CONSCIENCE: Dissatisfaction.
NURSE: Leads to unhappiness.
CONSCIENCE: The State wants you to be happy.
NURSE: The State wants all of its citizens to be happy. The State wants all of its citizens to be happy. I want to be happy. I am happy.
CONSCIENCE: I'm very pleased to hear it. Happiness through acceptance.
NURSE: Productivity through happiness.
CONSCIENCE: I want to hypnotise you, just to help you remember.
NURSE: Is that safe?
CONSCIENCE: Perfectly.
NURSE: A spinning top.
CONSCIENCE: A child's toy, nothing more.
(It spins up to silence.)
NURSE: I like the pictures. The smiling faces. They look familiar. And the blue box. I know, they remind me of the actors who play the hero and his companions in the, in the infotainment.
CONSCIENCE: Listen to the sound of my voice. Focus on the sound of my voice. No, you don't need to look at me. Close your eyes if you want. Now, tell me about the infotainment. Tell me how it differed from your memory.
NURSE: The hero, the Doctor, arrived in Light City, in the Plaza, with his companions. It was the post meridian work period, just before the Jubilee. The sun was warm, everyone was happy, the Doctor was happy as a hermit crab with a new boot for a home. Hermit crab?

CONSCIENCE: Never mind. Please continue.
NURSE: He said, 'Look at this place, it's magnificent. I can't imagine anything bad happening here. How nice of the Kro'ka to send us here.' His friends thought it was very bright. He said, 'One could ask for a touch more variety, if one were inclined. A splash of Pollock to point up the mid-tones, a hint of Bruegel to deepen the shadows.' He found some Ray-Bans in his pocket and gave them to his friends. Everyone was happy. And that was the same, the same as the infotainment. But then I remembered they were happy because they travelled a lot together, and this was an interesting new place for them. And travel is forbidden. We have everything we need right here in Light City. We're happy here. Why would someone make an infotainment about travelling when we're so happy to live here? And then his friend, the male, asked about a Lama, a Dali Lama. He thought it was an animal. His other friend, the female, thought that was strange. So did I, for that matter. Questions are forbidden, after all. I remember he told them about Buddhism, reincarnation, and that made them happy. It was good that they were happy, but, Conscience, what is faith? What is reincarnation? How can I remember things that haven't happened to me?
CONSCIENCE: Tell me why you think the Censor would allow characters in an infotainment to ask questions?
NURSE: Oh, they didn't. Not in the infotainment.
CONSCIENCE: Only in your memory.
NURSE: Yes, that's right. Conscience, I'm frightened. Is there something wrong with me? Am I a bad citizen?
CONSCIENCE: You speak of questions and ask questions of me. You behave as if it were Jubilee.
NURSE: Oh, of course! Jubilee! That must be it. The infotainment must have been about, oh, about asking. They were all asking so many. No, I can't. It's too much. I can't. Stop it. Why can't you stop it? Make them go. Charley, where are you? C'Rizz, help me. She'll drown if we can't
CONSCIENCE: You're beginning to wake up now. When I snap my fingers, you'll awake refreshed and very pleased to have been so helpful.
(The spinning top slows and falls over.)
CONSCIENCE: Ready. (snap)
NURSE: Oh.
CONSCIENCE: Drink this.

(Nurse drinking.)
NURSE [OC]: I can't. What did I? I can't remember what I said.
CONSCIENCE [OC]: Drink the rest of your water. And don't worry about what you said. It's all on record. You can view the certificated transcript later, in the theatre.
(Murmur of voices in background.)
EDITOR: Please take this.
NURSE: (upset, gasps) Editor. How long have you? I, I didn't see you watching me. I mean, thank you. (sniffles) My life, up there on the screen. It must be, I mean, you must think me very boring.
EDITOR: Not at all. I come here often. I watch the people watching themselves, validating their lives. They come here frightened, confused, occasionally with thoughts they shouldn't be thinking. Later, they leave, stable, confirmed, happy. I find the experience uplifting, even joyful.
NURSE: Er, yes, well, I must admit
EDITOR: You're surprised. It's only natural. Even the Editor has needs.
NURSE: Oh, yes, I suppose. Not that I mean, well, you know what I mean.
EDITOR: Always. You've been watching yourself.
NURSE: Yes, Editor.
EDITOR: You don't seem the type to need reminding of how happy you are.
NURSE: Er.
EDITOR: You don't know how to respond. I understand. Self-referencing topics can be confusing. Objectivity, that's the key word. Fortunately, it's still one we're allowed to use. Objectivity is essential to happiness. Happiness through

acceptance.
NURSE: Productivity through happiness.
EDITOR: I'm glad you see it that way. You want to ask if there's anything else you can help me with.
NURSE: Well, of course I. No, never. Questions are. I would never pose a question, Editor. If information is required, I will give it as you see fit.
EDITOR: An excellent response.
NURSE: Thank you, Editor.
EDITOR: Your husband was wise to suggest therapy. You came here feeling confused, worried, even scared. Now you've met the Editor, found he's not such an ogre, even engaged him in conversation. You're a good citizen. The State values all good citizens. Perhaps you'd like to have your views transcribed for the national paper, so your words can help others love the State as you do.
NURSE: If you see fit, Editor.
EDITOR: You find the idea uncomfortable?
NURSE: I, I'm just a citizen. One of many. No more or less important than any other.
EDITOR: It's a pleasure to meet such a model citizen. May I pay for your monitor period?
NURSE: Yes. Yes, thank you. I had to buy a sick day today and, well, money is tight.
EDITOR: You're wondering why we're here together like this. I'm curious about you. The truth is, I've been watching you for a while. I wanted to assess your revision personally.
NURSE: I see.
EDITOR: I'm sure you don't. Confidentially, I suspect that prior to your revision, someone gained access to the Ministry.
NURSE: Oh.
EDITOR: You're not curious? Of course you are. But like a good citizen, you won't ask. Let me tell you something. Our State is built on an order which dates back hundreds, thousands, of generations. Even chaos here in Light City is precisely controlled. For prole and citizen, Jubilee is a chance to break the rules without fear of punishment. For the State, it's an opportunity to observe and limit the process of social mutation. But now, now someone has introduced a true random element into the mix. Things are changing, and no one is safe any more. Don't let me fall.
NURSE: I really don't understand what this has to do with me.
EDITOR: In our conversation I used questions. Your responses were not among those recommended by the State. This could mean you are linked to the chaotic element I've detected.
NURSE: That's outrageous!
EDITOR: No, wait, please, wait. Let me finish. (sotto) Listen. Society is built upon a wheel of change. Prevent change and you prevent advancement. Only stagnation is left. Do you agree? Without change, we die. But change itself is dead here. Even the random force of evolution has been controlled.
NURSE: Those words. Evolution, change. They're forbidden words. You shouldn't use them. I could be revised just for listening to you.
EDITOR: Please, hear me out. I'm the Editor. I have a certain freedom. I use it to think. I listen to music, uncensored music. There are days when I can feel the chemical dance in my head spinning out of control. I think, I imagine, I dream. Didn't you ever dream of freedom? Not even once?
NURSE: (scared) No! No, this is wrong. You're not allowed to dream. You're trying to trick me. Leave me alone. Crimes have been committed here! Summon the Conscience! Arrest the Editor!
(Footsteps.)
NURSE: Do something, Somebody do something!
(Clang. No more background murmuring.)
NURSE: Oh, Conscience, what a relief. Arrest the Editor. He wants to start a revolution. He wants to involve me in a revolution.
CONSCIENCE: It's all right. Calm down. No crime has taken place here.

NURSE: I, I don't. Wait. It was a test. You were testing me. Oh, that was it. Of course it was. A test. I passed though, didn't I? I passed your test. I am a good citizen.
EDITOR: Thank you. Your monitor bill will be paid. You may leave now. Go back to your husband. He'll be glad to see you.
NURSE: I can. Yes. Yes, of course. I can go. Thank you.
(Footsteps recede.)
EDITOR: You may all leave.
(Lots of footsteps recede.)
CONSCIENCE: Your staff, of course.
EDITOR: Of course.
CONSCIENCE: They'll still have to be revised.
EDITOR: Naturally.
CONSCIENCE: You found out what you wanted to know.
EDITOR: Always.
CONSCIENCE: You saw her response to the test. She doesn't have anything to do with the revolution. She's just a nurse. She's safe. I recommend we terminate any record beyond routine public surveillance.
EDITOR: I see. Very well. You may leave.
CONSCIENCE: Before I do that, I'd just like to voice a concern.
EDITOR: About my methods?
CONSCIENCE: Many questions were asked, many forbidden words used in your pursuit of the truth concerning the nurse's connection to this revolution. Some might label your behaviour obsessive. It's well within my purview to request an explanation.
EDITOR: Don't you trust me? You may resume your duties. Until the Board revises this Office, I am still your superior.
CONSCIENCE: I don't question it, Editor.
EDITOR: I'm very please to hear that, Conscience.
(Footsteps recede.)
CONSCIENCE: But the nurse questioned you, and you didn't notice it, did you.

VOICE: This is the Voice of Light City. Welcome to your new work day. Today is High Productivity Day. Your State loves you. Happiness through acceptance.

CONSCIENCE: You're wondering why I asked you to meet me here at the harbour. What I wanted to talk about.
(Gentle waves in background.)
NURSE: Wondering is forbidden, you know that. This is another test. You and the Editor, you're checking up on me, making sure I'm happy. Making sure I'm a good citizen. You're frightening me. I am a good citizen. So is my husband. We'd never do anything antisocial. We*love* the State.
CONSCIENCE: I love the State too. I love the potential of the State. A city such as ours, in a world like this. There is no limit for us. None except that which is imposed upon us.
NURSE: But, tell me why someone would do that.
CONSCIENCE: You think I know. You think I have answers for you. You have answers for me.
NURSE: What? Tell me what you mean.
CONSCIENCE: Tell me how you feel, since your holiday. Tell me how you felt, listening to that infotainment, knowing the words, speaking them aloud even before the characters did themselves. Tell me how you could remember someone else's memories.
NURSE: No! I thought all this was over. I just want to go home.
CONSCIENCE: Look, something went wrong, I grant you that. We planned carefully, but something happened. I tried my best, but I'm not a DJ. I'm not an Editor. I don't have the skill. Oh, my love, how I've missed you these last years, watching you and knowing you couldn't remember me, love me. But now, now it's all been worthwhile.
NURSE: What? No. Don't say those things. You're frightening me. Don't say

those things.
CONSCIENCE: I knew. I knew if I pushed you, if I dug deep enough I'd find you in there. I promised I'd never leave you, not while I have a mind to remember. But I've had to be so careful and it's been so long. But you still love me, don't you. Somewhere inside, say that you do.
(He kisses her, I assume.)
NURSE: (slightly muffled) No, no, what are you. Stop. Stop it. Oh.
CONSCIENCE: Ow!
NURSE: You are my Conscience and I obey you, but you can't do that.
CONSCIENCE: Do you think I want to assault you? The only rape here is what they've done to your mind. What they've done to all our minds. We're prisoners. We just can't see the bars. You, you don't know how to respond to the situation.
NURSE: You're my Conscience. You're supposed to protect me from this sort of situation.
CONSCIENCE: You're right. I'm sorry. But listen, please. It's very important that you listen to me. Everything depends on it. The revolution depends on it. Look at the boats. These moldering wrecks lathered with weed. There's a legend that generations ago slaves were brought to the Light City by boat from overseas.
NURSE: That. You used a
CONSCIENCE: Forbidden word, yes. The word is not the problem. The word is just a symbol. It is the idea that is proscribed. The idea that there could be somewhere other than this, better than this. A land from which our ancestors were taken against their will and brought here, and caged in their heads for the good of the State. You can't deny it. It could be true. I could be right, and you, for all your unswerving loyalty, there could be a better way for you than blind worship of a faceless regime.
NURSE: That's it. I can't take any more of this. You're mad. You should be revised. There is no revolution. How can there be when revolution is forbidden? I'm summoning the Editor. You'll be arrested. Arrested and
CONSCIENCE: You asked a question.
NURSE: No, I. It was a slip. No one will know.
CONSCIENCE: You ask many questions. You remember things that haven't happened to you.
NURSE: My holiday. I'm still getting used to
CONSCIENCE: Do you want to know why?
NURSE: Yes. Yes, I want to know. Of course I want to know. How could anyone not want to know? Oh, I want to know, to understand. Tell me, please. Just tell me what you've done to me.
CONSCIENCE: Come with me. Here, under the boardwalk, out of the wind.
(Echoing footsteps.)
CONSCIENCE: The State, it's very old. No one really knows how old. Hundreds of generations, maybe thousands. Nothing can exist that long without change. The State knows that. They're terrified, you know, of change, choice, evolution, imagination, freedom.
NURSE: But we are free. We make choices every day.
CONSCIENCE: From a list they supply. The choices aren't ours. The choices are theirs. Why else do you think they have an Editor? One hint that you see beyond the limits they set and off you go on holiday, and back you come with a shiny new personality.
NURSE: This, this can't be real. I'm dreaming.
CONSCIENCE: Dreaming is also a cause for concern. Why else have a Conscience?
NURSE: All right. All right, I'll listen, but
CONSCIENCE: You're scared. That's understandable. The truth is addictive, but it cuts so deep. Deeper than flesh, deeper than muscle or sinew or bone, and it hurts. It hurts so much.
NURSE: You were in love. With her. Whoever I was before I was me. Tell me then. Tell me all of it.
CONSCIENCE: Light City. You think it's so perfect. You think you're so happy here. But that's what they want you to think, what they've programmed you to

think. The infotainments we lap up so eagerly, they're not stories, not adventures. They're suggestions, instructions they use to direct the way we think. We are their slaves. But it's worse than that. So much worse. The broadcasts, they're real memories, stolen, edited, rewritten by them and used to control us.
NURSE: You can't be. That can't be
CONSCIENCE: True? It is. The hero was real. His name was the Doctor. He stood for freedom and fought oppression wherever he found it. But long ago he fell to the shadows. They took him, rewrote him, gave him back to us as a fiction they knew we would idolise. No man now but a drone, a robot, the ultimate selfless drudger. His charisma, his intelligence, his imagination and his heroism corrupted. And us? We follow our hero blindly, day after day, story after story, along a road we once would have burned. And we think we are happy. There is a cell within the revolution. The Restoration Group. You and I were part of this group. Over the years, we secretly recorded the broadcasts, comparing the repeats, removing inconsistencies and lies like a sculptor paring away stone to reveal the original intention. The Director's Cut, you might say. His message.
NURSE: I can't listen to this. I want to go home now. Please let me go.
CONSCIENCE: No, you must listen. There's more. The group had a plan to create a new hero for the people, to restore a set of uncensored memories, the Doctor's original memories, and place these memories into a new mind, a revised mind. Your mind. The Doctor must live again in you. His memories must live again, his personality, his message. Revolution. Revolution now, and you, Doctor, you won't let us fall again.
NURSE: This is mad. What you're saying is madness. You'll be arrested, revised. I'm going home.
CONSCIENCE: You think you are scared. You think you'll be revised. You've already been revised more often than you know. Listen, before your husband, and the husband before him, you were part of the revolution. You devised a plan. Your memories were erased using a hypnotic trigger to hide that plan from the State. Your life was carefully arranged. You were set up with a husband to whom information was leaked. He died so you could be arrested and revised. Only the revision process can install new memories into a living mind. My job was to replace your scheduled revision personality with our copy of the Doctor's memories. I'm not an expert, obviously I got something wrong, but you are the Doctor. That's why you can remember things you shouldn't be able to. That's why you feel the way you do. You *are*the Doctor now. Oh, don't you understand? It was your plan. You conceived it. You were the only one prepared to take the risk. The risk to themselves of death or insanity. The people need a hero, a real hero. Not to overthrow a dictatorship, not to kill and burn, to give us a future, one we can choose for ourselves. Oh, you knew that. You still know it, I know you do, somewhere inside, buried deep, out of reach. Trust me, I can help you reach it. Open your eyes. Open your eyes and really see.
NURSE: Thought crime! Word crime! Thought crime has happened here! Summon the Editor! Arrest the Conscience!
(Sirens approach.)
NURSE: Thought crime has happened here!
CONSCIENCE: No, you can't. After everything I said, everything we meant to each other, you can't. I love you!
NURSE: Get away from me! You're deviant. You're sick. Revision is too good for you.
(Footsteps approach.)
NURSE: There is no punishment suitable for your crimes. Summon the Editor! Arrest the Conscience! Thought crime has been committed here!
(Sounds of a struggle.)

CONSCIENCE [OC]: Remember. Please, remember.
(Recording stopped.)
EDITOR: Your thoughts are as glass to me. You're afraid. Not for your life. In truth, that was never yours to fear for. But for your precious revolution. (laughs)

You said yourself the Nurse was safe, and if her revision was successful, then your plans have failed. All the sacrifices you've made have been for nothing. You didn't make her a hero, you made her insane.
CONSCIENCE: (crying) No. No, I won't believe you. She got away. I know she did. She'll remember.
EDITOR: It doesn't matter what you think. You've lost her. And all the pain you've suffered, the lies you've lived, all that for nothing. Because I know everything about the revolution. Everything.
SUB-EDITOR: Sir, listen to me. You have to stop now. If we push any harder, we'll induce a psychotic break. He'll be out of your reach forever.
CONSCIENCE: You revise me, or kill me, I don't care which. Without her it doesn't matter. Nothing matters. Get it over with. Please.
EDITOR: If only you'd applied this quality of dedication to our State. If only you'd realise that our State with every bit as much feeling as you love your misplaced ideals. But you don't. I see that now. All right, pack up the equipment. You can all leave. I'll finish up here.
SUB-EDITOR: Yes, sir. Nurse, help me.
NURSE 2: Of course, sir.
(Equipment powers down, door opens and closes.)
EDITOR: So, here we are. Two old friends, finally alone. What a dance you've led me. I'm exhausted. But I've still got one surprise left. Once last secret for you to take to the grave. Are you ready? Here it comes. I believe. Not in the State, in your revolution. I have for a while. I wanted to help, but I'm the Editor. You'd never have trusted me, especially not if I'd spared you the pain you've been educated to expect. That's why I tortured you. Now it's over, there's no reason to lie. Shortly you'll be taken from this place, packed and shipped for revision. You're going on a nice long holiday. But before you go, I wanted to be here with you, to explain one last truth. I've been helping you all along. By arresting the revolutionaries, by revising them instead of killing them, by allowing the Nurse to watch your arrest. More importantly, to remember it. Oh yes, she's alive, at large somewhere in the city. I've known for a while now that someone tried to insert new memories into the Nurse's last revision process. I didn't know it was you until now. If only you'd taken me into your confidence from the start, we wouldn't be having this conversation. By now the hero personality would have been properly installed in the Nurse's mind and the revolution well underway. I understand why you didn't trust me, of course. I'm the Editor. No greater symbol of loyalty to the State exists. But you must believe me now. This is your last chance. The revolution's last chance.
CONSCIENCE: (mumbles) Revolution.
EDITOR: I've been studying the Nurse, attempting to strip away her revised personality, the one you damaged.
CONSCIENCE: (mumbles) Damaged.
EDITOR: Shh, shh, shh. Shh. Soon the pain will be over and you'll be gone. But I'll carry on your work. I'll free the Doctor from the Nurse's mind. I'll make your hero for you. All you have to do is tell me where you've hidden the tape containing the Doctor's reconstructed personality.
(Conscience laughs painfully.)
EDITOR: You don't believe me?
CONSCIENCE: You must think me a fool.
EDITOR: Listen to me.
CONSCIENCE: Fool. Won't tell. Fool won't tell.
EDITOR: If you don't tell me, *you* are a fool. The shipping clerk will be here soon. Don't you understand? You must tell me where the original memories are, where you've hidden them. Only then can the revolution succeed. Do you want to die for nothing? Do you want her to die for nothing? Do you?
CONSCIENCE: Editor asked a question. Arrest the Editor.
(Door opens.)
SHIPPING CLERK: I wasn't expecting a live one. Restraints are extra.
EDITOR: I'll sign for them personally. Just take him away.
SHIPPING CLERK: Sign here then, please. And here. And here. Thank you.

Your receipt and tracking order. Initial here for the anaesthesia.
EDITOR: Of course. He shouldn't suffer needlessly.
SHIPPING CLERK: You know, I've been handling revision shipping for years. I've never seen one

SHIPPING CLERK [OC]: Come out here laughing before.
EDITOR [OC]: He thinks the last laugh is on me. You can go now.
(Long hiss of blank tape, which continues behind the dialogue.)
SUB-EDITOR: There's something you should know.
EDITOR: What! Don't sneak up on me like that, Sub-Editor. Explain your presence here. I thought you had work to do.
SUB-EDITOR: I do, but
EDITOR: Speak up.
SUB-EDITOR: It's the Nurse. She didn't go home after the Conscience was arrested. A missing person report has been filed by her husband, the engineer.
EDITOR: I see.
SUB-EDITOR: I await your instructions.
EDITOR: Arrest the engineer. Ship him directly for revision. Find anyone the Nurse ever spoke to. Anyone. Arrest them, revise them. I want the Nurse erased from public memory.
SUB-EDITOR: Of course, sir. Your instructions will be carried out at first light tomorrow morning.
EDITOR: My instructions will be carried out immediately, Sub-Editor. I trust I make myself quite clear.
SUB-EDITOR: Of course, sir.
(Recording switched off.)
EDITOR: And so the revolution begins.

[Part Three]

CHARLEY [OC]: Don't let me fall.
DOCTOR [OC]: You've suffered a bad dream, that's all.
C'RIZZ [OC]: Bad dream? Memory.
DOCTOR [OC]: We're not your enemy, please believe that.
CHARLEY [OC]: You spoke of someone you love.
DOCTOR [OC]: Is she in danger?
C'RIZZ [OC]: Danger? No, she's being well cared for. I don't know what happened. I was inducted, assessed for work and usefulness, chosen as the Elect. Designated as potential Royals. Not like us. Giant isoptera.
CHARLEY [OC]: Isoptera? Oh, ants.
DOCTOR [OC]: Termites, to be precise.
(Excerpt from The Creed of the Kromon continues faintly behind -)
VOICE: This is the Voice of Light City. Welcome to your new work day. Today is High Productivity day. Your State loves you. Happiness through acceptance.
(Rumbles, crashes, panicked voices. Crackle of flames.)

EDITOR: You're in charge here?
FIRE CHIEF: I'm the Fire Chief, yes.
EDITOR: Tell me what happened.
FIRE CHIEF: Someone blew up the South Plaza public broadcast screens. They're new, you know. Hadn't even cut the ribbons. A good portion of the injuries occured when the pylons came down. Crush injuries, gas burns from broken tubes, a few electrocutions. There's something odd, though.
EDITOR: Tell me more.
FIRE CHIEF: Well, there's something about the placement of the explosives. It was too precise. Whoever did this wanted maximum destruction and knew how to get it.
EDITOR: Explain.
FIRE CHIEF: Collateral blast damage was extensive. Several nearby offices

were demolished, destroyed when the screens came down. And one entire hutch. Several hundred citizens were killed or injured.
EDITOR: Several hundred, all citizens, you say. Were any proles killed?
FIRE CHIEF: No. The entire hutch was on day shift.
EDITOR: It's a message. Someone is sending me a message.
FIRE CHIEF: I don't understand.
EDITOR: The damage, the injuries, they were a byproduct, accidental. Whoever did this wasn't interested in killing. They didn't want destruction, they wanted silence. Someone's watching us, there, by the rubble.
FIRE CHIEF: I can't see anyone. There's too much smoke.
EDITOR: Often a criminal will return to the scene of his crime, to watch, to gloat. If there's someone there, it could be significant. Carry on with your work.
FIRE CHIEF: Of course, sir.
(Footsteps recede.)
EDITOR: You there, stand still!
(Running.)

(Breathless.)
NURSE: If you follow me, you will die.
EDITOR: You threaten the Editor.
NURSE: Do not follow me.
EDITOR: I'll have you revised.
(Crash of rubble.)

(Waves lapping. The Nurse's lines vary between distant and close, left and right.)
NURSE: I told you not to follow me.
EDITOR: It is not your place to instruct. You are under arrest. Report for revision immediately. As a citizen it is your duty to obey the Editor and the State. Answer me immediately.
NURSE: You followed me. I said you would die and you followed me anyway. You must really love me to do that.
EDITOR: I thought you were safe.
NURSE: You made a mistake.
EDITOR: You are a deviant and a terrorist. I am here to arrest you.
NURSE: You think I've done wrong. You've judged me. Only my Conscience can do that.
EDITOR: Your Conscience is currently under revision. The new Conscience has not yet taken office. I am Editor and Conscience pro tem, and I am arresting you for harbouring fugitive memories and acts of terrorism. You can't hide from me. Where are you? Answer me!
(Thumps wall.)
EDITOR: Answer me immediately. Argh!
(He hits something hard. Footsteps.)
NURSE: Watch out for the low roof.
EDITOR: Show yourself.
NURSE: You couldn't see me anyway. All alone, in the dark.
(Thump. She laughs.)
EDITOR: I can't hear you moving. You know this place. You've been here before.
NURSE: Is that a statement, or a question. You have been asking a lot of questions lately, haven't you? How do you feel about that? Does it scare you? Anger you? Do you blame me? Do you want to kill me? Do you think killing me will make everything right?
EDITOR: Questions, always questions. By what right? You are a dangerous and unpredictable social enemy.
NURSE: And I must be eliminated.
EDITOR: Yes.
NURSE: For the good of the State.
EDITOR: Yes, for the good of the State.

NURSE: Why did you let me go, then?
EDITOR: What? I
NURSE: That's what you told the Conscience before you revised him.
EDITOR: How did you know?
NURSE: There are PR Cams all over the city. All it takes is a portable jukebox, some scissors and sticky tape, and a little ingenuity. You can learn anything you want.
EDITOR: You bugged the Whispering Gallery? The Board will recommend execution for this. Do you hear me? You'll be dead. Where are you?
(Footsteps.)
EDITOR: Come out and face me. You're a coward!
(Hitting wall with a pipe.)
EDITOR: A terrorist, a deviant, and a coward!
(Wall falls down.)
EDITOR [OC]: Where are you?

EDITOR [OC]: Where are you?
EDITOR: Now what?
EDITOR [OC]: Where are you?
(Continues, shwooshing from left to right and back under dialogue.)
NURSE: There's something you've forgotten.
EDITOR: What?
NURSE: Something you need to know.
EDITOR: You, you can't.
NURSE: Shall I tell you what it is?
EDITOR: No. No, you may not tell me anything. I am the Editor. I tell *you*. Do you hear me? *I* tell *you*.
NURSE: I think I will tell you. You'll thank me. It's very important.
EDITOR: No. No, no, no, no.
NURSE: Nurse knows best.
(The recording has faded out. The Editor whimpers.)
NURSE: Listen to yourself. Trust your own voice, your own mind. Think outside the box. Get inside to get outside. You're lost.
EDITOR: Yes, help me, please.
NURSE: I will. It's what a nurse does.
EDITOR: What do I do?
NURSE: Take my hand.
EDITOR: I can't see you. I can't see your hand. All I can see is this endless grey nothing.
NURSE: No, oh no, you're quite wrong. It's not nothing, it's everything. Everything your precious State forbids you to see. The State blinds us from birth to the wonders of a world beyond their control. I'm here to take the blindfold off. Open your eyes.
EDITOR: But I'm already
NURSE: Look ahead. That's right, straight ahead. Tell me what you see.
EDITOR: Are you deaf? I said I. I see. No wait, you're right. There is something. I'm not. I can't quite. A shape, like a brush stroke, it's blue. The ocean? Yes, it's the ocean.
NURSE: And to your left?
EDITOR: Blobs. Green and yellow blobs. Ah, sand dunes. A palm tree.
NURSE: Eyes centre. Quickly, before it fades. Is the ocean still there?
EDITOR: Yes, yes, it is.
NURSE: Look up.
EDITOR: More blue. And yellow and white. The sky, the sun.
NURSE: Look left.
EDITOR: Dunes.
NURSE: Look up.
EDITOR: Clouds
NURSE: Look right.
EDITOR: Circles.

NURSE: Look *right*.
EDITOR: Squares. Black squares, rectangles, trapezoids, rhomboids.
NURSE: Look down. What do you see?
EDITOR: Arcs, angles, chords, radii, diameters.
NURSE [OC]: And left?
EDITOR: Means, medians, bell curves.
NURSE [OC]: And right?
EDITOR: Exponential curves, fractal dimensions, high order equations, symphonies, arias.
NURSE [OC]: Left.
EDITOR: Man.
NURSE [OC]: Right.
EDITOR: Woman.
NURSE [OC]: Up.
EDITOR: Eternity in a snowflake.
NURSE [OC]: Down.
EDITOR: Infinity in a grain of sand.
NURSE [OC]: And now? Look straight ahead. Tell me what you see there.
EDITOR: A figure. A child. Is it me? Or is it you pretending to be me?
NURSE [OC]: Yes, and behind you?
EDITOR: An old man.
NURSE [OC]: What have you forgotten?
EDITOR: I don't
NURSE [OC]: What have you forgotten? Tell me.
EDITOR: I don't know. I don't know. I've forgotten who I am.
NURSE [OC]: Then you need to find out, don't you?

NURSE: Open your eyes.
VOICE: This is the Voice of Light City. Welcome to your new work day. Today is High
VOICE [OC] Productivity day. Your State loves you. Happiness through acc
(Door opens and closes.)
DJ: Studio One is on air. Did you see the Receptionist for an appointment?
EDITOR: A post-revision citizen in my purview has demonstrated memories she cannot possibly have. I viewed the public transcript of the recent therapy session between a Nurse and her Conscience. The dialogue includes spoken questions. It is unedited. Unedited, do you understand? That can mean only one thing. The Centre did not receive the transcript before it became public domain. All broadcasts and PR cam recordings are routed through the Broadcast Lodge to their destinations.
DJ: I hope you're not implying anything that might get you into trouble with the Board.
EDITOR: Listen to me, old man. Revolution is brewing in Light City. I can feel it stirring, drawing breath, trying to hide while gathering its strength for the kill. The truth is an animal, voracious, blind in its hunger. It is a predator forever stalking new victims. Someone has let the truth out of its cage. My job is to put it back, or put it down.
DJ: How dare you threaten me! As DJ I occupy a position of responsibility second to none. My position is the keystone of this state. I was old when the Editor before you was revised, when the Editor before him was born! This position exists by virtue of the Board and the Censor, and you do not have the authority to question it.
EDITOR: Your arrogance sickens me. This so-called office is a luxury the State can ill afford. To vest such power in a single individual is utter folly. If you truly believe in your State you would have promoted a more responsible to DJ, and submitted to revision long ago. Your State would be better served, and you would be happy.
DJ: As you are happy?
EDITOR: Do not question me. Questions lead to unhappiness.
DJ: I am an old man. I don't care what you think. You can't threaten me, and you

don't frighten me. You're like a child, forbidden by repressive parents to learn and grow. You're ignorant, opinionated, self-important and ultimately worthless. I pity you.
EDITOR: You presume too much on your much-vaunted office.
DJ: Look around. Tell me what you see. The broadcast archive. Hundreds of stacks, thousands of shelves, millions of records. Everyone a take. Some just a snippet of dialogue, perhaps a single perfect image, other entire sequences. My job is to grade them, compile scenes, assemble rough cuts, to design sound and add a score. To sculpt from such disparate pieces a cohesive, functional and useful whole. I broadcast the approved product, and through each episode give life and meaning to the State. My job is the care and guidance of the citizens, to lift and sustain them, to drive them in their work periods, soothe them in their leisure periods. I'm a priest, productivity my God. Oh yes, I can speak of deities here, in my temple of wax. Out there, I'd be crucified, revised for using censored language. But in here, in my studio, I'm safe. It's the flaw in the system, you see. The contradiction from which everything derives. There are things no one is allowed to know, but someone *has* to know them. How else could we remember what to forget? Even the Board doesn't know the truths held among these dusty shelves. Take this, for example.
EDITOR: What is it?
DJ: Your Grail. Use the headphones. Witness the truth you seek so desperately, then put that truth back in its cage, if you can.
(Crackly recording being tuned in.)
MAN [OC]: Questions.
DOCTOR [OC]: Precisely. The violence is city-wide?
MAN [OC]: Oh, yes.
DOCTOR [OC]: But the damage? How many will die? What about my friends? Have your officers found them yet?
MAN [OC]: You ask too many questions. You ask as if you had a right to answers. We're allowed to live only to
(Headphones down, recording stopped.)
EDITOR: You're right. This truth can never be caged. Crimes have been committed here! Here, in the very beating heart of our beloved State! Summon the Conscience! I want the DJ arrested and shipped for revision at once!
(Sirens wail.)
EDITOR: At once!
(Footsteps approach. Door opens and closes.)
EDITOR: I called for the Conscience. Tell me where he is.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: The Conscience is currently employed on State business.
EDITOR: *This* is State business.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: In her absence, I am designated Conscience pro tem. I have full powers as defined by the State.
EDITOR: Well then, use your powers and tell your troops to exercise extreme caution. This man, the DJ, is highly dangerous. He may even be linked to the revolution.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: You heard the Editor. Fan out, two men to an aisle. Take no chances.
TROOPER: Right away. Come on, you lot.
(Footsteps recede.)
SUB-CONSCIENCE: This is an old man we're dealing with. Tell me why you think he's such a threat.
EDITOR: Oh, you have no idea. A fist is not a threat. A gun is not a threat. A word is a threat. An idea is a threat. Ideas are patient. They like to grow. They live in the old, those with moments to think, to plan. The Disc Jockey should never have been allowed. He should have been revised years ago, or decades. He is a very real threat to our State and should not be underestimated.
TROOPER: Sub-Conscience! Over here!
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Tell me what you've found.
TROOPER: I think you'd better see this, ma'am.
(Footsteps.)

SUB-CONSCIENCE: Well, there he is. Right where you left him. Mind the floor, sir, it's still slippery.
EDITOR: I don't. Look at all that (pause) blood.
TROOPER: DJ's dead, ma'am. Suicide. He used this. Found it in his hand. Watch it, ma'am, it's sharp as a knife. Jagged, too.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Well, Editor, perhaps under the circumstances you'll forgive me if

SUB-CONSCIENCE [OC]: Go on record with a question. What kind of revolutionary hero rips out his throat with a broken piece of his own record. (Recording stopped.)
MEMBER 1: The Certification Board wishes to express its surprise
MEMBER 2: (female) Its dissatisfaction
MEMBER 3: Indeed, its very great displeasure
MEMBER 1: At the remarkable lack of foresight demonstrated by the Editor in regard to the investigation of this apparent revolution.
EDITOR: I can assure the Board
MEMBER 3: Our concern does not end with the destruction of State property, or the murder of loyal citizens.
MEMBER 2: There are additional matters to discuss, specifically the
MEMBER 1: Matter of the Editor's comportment and demeanour prior to and during the immediate crisis. As Editor
MEMBER 2: Your duty and responsibilities to the State are clear, and yet
MEMBER 3: Records show your broadcast viewing periods are considerably less than your licence requires.
MEMBER 2: Examination of your credit balance indicates you have regularly purchased more than the recommended amount of extra work periods.
MEMBER 3: You have used proscribed language.
MEMBER 2: Discussed forbidden concepts.
MEMBER 1: Played uncensored music.
MEMBER 2: Citizens who cannot conduct their business within the permitted periods and language parameters are inefficient.
MEMBER 3: And inefficiency leads to dissatisfaction.
MEMBER 1: Dissatisfaction leads to questions.
MEMBER 3: We understand you've been asking questions, Editor.
MEMBER 2: We'd like you to tell us why.
MEMBER 1: You may speak now.
EDITOR: You don't understand. Yes, I've used proscribed methods. Of course I have. I've used uncensored music and metaphorical language, and even questions. These are my tools. Someone has to use them. You can't write a report with just a piece of paper. You need a pencil, an eraser, tools for organising your thoughts, an imagination to predict a criminal's actions. When I learned the Nurse had gone missing, I tried to locate her. I used every channel available to me, every resource. I found only echoes, skeletons of things she'd done, proles she's met and influenced, fossils of crimes she's committed. This morning's atrocity was, I thought I had her at last. I was close, I knew it. Her scent informed the crime, clung to fragments of bomb casing and clockwork, violated the dead and dying. Close, but not close enough. Whilst we were together, I've come to know the Nurse, perhaps more fully than I ever could as the author of her revision. She's like a smashed mirror, showing two different observers some fragments of the image, reflect the citizen I revised, others the hero she wanted to become. Even if you could fit the pieces together, the image would never be whole. A successful revolution needs a plan. That, and the discipline to carry it out. The Nurse clearly has neither. She's psychotic, as dangerous now to the revolution as to the State. It's more important than ever that I find her and control her. Don't you see that? Why don't you answer?
MEMBER 1: We found this in your office.
MEMBER 2: A child's toy.
MEMBER 3: A humming top.
MEMBER 1: Please explain its significance.

EDITOR: It belonged to the Conscience. It was taken from his home with other personal effects when he was shipped for revision. I think it has something to do with the revolution.
MEMBER 3: There's no PR cam record of such a toy in the whole of the Conscience.
MEMBER 2: This toy should have been recycled.
MEMBER 1: Like its owner.
EDITOR: You think there is no revolution? Were you not born with eyes to see, minds to think? The top is a symbol. It goes round in circles, round and round, always moving but never travelling. It's a metaphor for the State, and the symbol of the revolution 'dormir comme un sabot', sleep like a top. Don't you understand? We are all asleep. But now, now the sleepers must awake, break the symbol, tear down the revolution, or everything we we stand for, everything we love, everything is lost. Please, I beg you, in the name of everything I hold dear, please just let me do this one last thing. Let me find this Nurse, this demon. Let me find her and bring her before you for judgment and punishment. Just let me do that, and I'll willingly, happily submit for punishment myself. Revision, if necessary. Scan me. Bring the box. Let me prove my loyalty and dedication. You know I speak the truth.
MEMBER 1: Your honesty is not in question.
MEMBER 2: But there are other considerations.
MEMBER 3: You're obsessed.
MEMBER 2: Paranoid.
MEMBER 1: You've allowed your love to overcome your judgment.
MEMBER 2: We have seen it before.
MEMBER 1: Often.
MEMBER 2: There is but one course to follow.
MEMBER 3: One action consistent with State policy.
EDITOR: No, I beg you!
MEMBER 2: Revision.
MEMBER 1: Immediate, total revision.
MEMBER 2: Crimes have been committed in the Board room.
MEMBER 1: Summon the Conscience.
(Sirens approach.)
EDITOR: No, this is mad! You can't be, you can't do this to me! I am the only one, do you hear? The only one who can find her. The only one who can stop her. You have to let me stop her.
MEMBER 1: Tell us why you think you're the only one who can.
(Silence.)
MEMBER 3: You say you've been outside the city.
MEMBER 2: Everyone knows there is no outside.
MEMBER 1: The public records show it.
EDITOR: I, I, but, that's not
MEMBER 2: The public record shows you are lying.
MEMBER 3: Or mistaken.
MEMBER 2: Or deluded.
MEMBER 3: Or insane.
EDITOR: Don't try to tell me outside doesn't exist. I know it does! The Nurse took me there, showed me things no one has ever seen. She helped me to see, helped me to wake up. She freed me, don't you understand? That's why she's a threat. That's why I have to kill her.
MEMBER 2: The Nurse for whom you have been searching do diligently, was arrested and revised several days ago on your own orders.
MEMBER 1: The Nurse showed you nothing. The public records prove it.
EDITOR: Wha?
MEMBER 2: The conversations you had with her were not real. The meeting she had with the Conscience on the docks did not take place. How could they, when you had scheduled the Conscience for cross-referencing and revision.
MEMBER 1: How could they, when there are no docks.
MEMBER 2: They were all simply a fiction that you yourself created.

MEMBER 1: Props for your own sadly broken mind.
MEMBER 2: The former Nurse and Conscience now serve in more useful capacities.
MEMBER 3: There's no hero.
MEMBER 1: There is no revolution. There is only the chaos you have caused.
MEMBER 2: It is your duty which remains unfulfilled.
MEMBER 1: Your lies which threaten the State.
MEMBER 2: Your obsession which must be ended.
EDITOR: Are you suggesting these explosions, the terrorist actions, were all mine? No, you're wrong. You're all wrong. I didn't kill anyone. She's got his memories, the Doctor's memories.
(Footsteps approach.)
EDITOR: She's clever. She's framed me and tricked you all, and now
(Heavy knocking on door.)
TROOPER [OC]: The new Conscience.
MEMBER 2: Enter.
(Door opens and closes.)
CONSCIENCE 2: Please excuse this intrusion. The Conscience was summoned.
(And sounds exactly like Charley Pollard, the Female Prole and the Nurse.)
CONSCIENCE 2: Crimes have been reported here.
EDITOR: No, no. No, this can't be! It's wrong!. If not her then who? It can't be, it's not me. I love the State! I love the happiness through acceptance. Happiness through acceptance. Happiness through acceptance.
MEMBER 1: Conscience, arrest the Editor.
CONSCIENCE 2: Of course, sir. Please specify a charge.
MEMBER 3: The public record will show he murdered the State DJ in cold blood, after being exposed to an uncertificated infotainment.
MEMBER 2: He is to be packed and shipped for immediate revision.
MEMBER 1: There's no need to be gentle.
MEMBER 2: He's been the cause of some inconvenience.
MEMBER 3: And after all, it's not as if he'll remember the pain.
MEMBER 1: I'd say let this be a lesson to you, but I'm rather afraid you won't remember it. Take him away.
EDITOR: No, this can't be true. I can't be wrong. I'm the Editor! The Editor, do you hear me? The Editor!
(Door opens and closes. Footsteps recede.)

SUB-CONSCIENCE: Former Editor will match pace with the squad. Hesitation will be punished.
EDITOR: Why are you doing this? Why is it a crime to ask questions? Why is it a crime to love?
CONSCIENCE: It is not a crime to love.
EDITOR: No, of course it isn't. Not when the object of our love is the all-powerful Light City. That's right. (shouting) All you drudges down there, don't you listen to me. I have committed the ultimate sin. I have asked a question. Who threatens your State, your schedules and broadcasts? I'll tell you. Anyone who asks a question. Anyone who questions the law. Anyone who commits crimes to be happy. Root these traitors out, bring them to me. I will punish them. Happiness through acceptance. Happiness through acceptance.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Former Editor has committed word crime, Conscience.
CONSCIENCE: So I hear. Gag him immediately.
(Struggle.)
EDITOR: You can't even understand me, can you? No wonder, when half the words I'm speaking are being removed from your language. They don't even let you have names! How can you betray the revolution when none of you even have names! Listen to me, listen to my words. Words have been denied us for too long. Without words there can be no thought. Without thought, there can be no understanding. How can you love without understanding?
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Former Editor will step back from the parapet immediately.

EDITOR: I do this in the name of love!
(Boom! Rush of wind. Flames.)
SUB-CONSCIENCE: He mined the walkway.
CONSCIENCE: He jumped the gap. He's getting away.
EDITOR: You'll see. I will destroy the revolution. I will stop the Doctor. I will save Light City, and I'll kill anyone who tries to stop me.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR [OC]: Once upon a time, in a land not too dissimilar to ours, there lived a king. He was very, very wise, and very, very powerful, and he realised he would soon have to leave his kingdom once and for all, and make the journey to the outside world of infinite darkness. And so, on the eve of his departure, he called his son and heir to his side. 'Everything you see is yours to command,' he said. 'But be advised. The better slaves are those who still believe they taste some freedom. Play the tyrant, but you must inspire love as well as fear.' Yet the son cared not for his words, and when the corpse had been despatched with much pomp and fireworks to the darker realms outside, the new king resolved to stretch the limits of his authority. He gathered all the people before him and told them that their every thought must match his thought. No will should exist save his will. And people being people, they agreed. Those that didn't vanished in the night, and their families soon learned to pretend that they had never existed.

VOICE: This is the Voice of Light City. Welcome to your new work day.

(Coughing. Sound of water gently lapping.)
EDITOR: No one understands. No one understands. (coughs) No one can see the danger they're in. I can't understand it. They're so complacent, so well-meaning and yet so misguided. Not you, though. You understand, don't you. Of course you do. You and me, we shh.
(Footsteps pass by.)
EDITOR: You and me, we've got imaginations. We understand the danger. But it's cold, and I'm hungry, and I have so much to think about, to plan, to achieve. Together we will endure. We might even prevail. (coughs) You're wondering how you can help. It's all right, I can tell. I'm a people person, you see. I know a thing or two. Come here. Come here. Just a little closer. That's right. Here. Yes, right up here, to the blood, and ha!
(Squeaking, then a crack and sounds of eating.)
EDITOR: I'll explain, I'll explain

EDITOR [OC]: How you could help
SUB-CONSCIENCE: I feel almost sorry for him, under the pier like that, trapping rats with his own flesh. Disgusting.
(Recording stopped.)
CONSCIENCE 2: I'd watch that attitude if I were you, Sub-Conscience, unless you want to replace the former Editor as Number One on the Most Wanted List.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Of course, ma'am. My apologies. It's just
CONSCIENCE 2: Understanding can be an effective tool, but when you've been Conscience as long as I have, you'll realise it's a double-edges sword. Understanding leads to empathy, and the last things a Conscience needs are feelings.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: I understand.
CONSCIENCE 2: Good. Now enter the camera data into the box.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Immediately, ma'am. Let's see. Public Record Cam number three five seven eight nine nine two four six, location City Harbour, the old pier, pre-meridian. There.
CONSCIENCE 2: You're wondering what we're collecting this data for.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: My place is not to wonder, Conscience.
CONSCIENCE 2: Nothing in life is ever truly random. The former Editor has

eluded arrest long enough for his movements to begin to show a pattern. Patterns are informed by habits. With enough data, habits can be predicted.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: We're making a map.
CONSCIENCE 2: Indeed we are. A map of the human heart.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: I don't understand. We could simple arrest when he next appears on the Public Record cameras.
CONSCIENCE 2: Yes, we could do that, but I want to find out where he goes when he's *off* the Public Record cameras.
EDITOR: I'll consider it my privilege to give you that information.
SUB-CONSCIENCE: Conscience, the Editor, he's
EDITOR: Don't move.
CONSCIENCE 2: Everything that happens in this room is recorded.
EDITOR: Anything that happens anywhere is recorded. How else could your habits be so predictable. (laughs) It's amazing what you can do with some scissors and sticky tape, a portable juke box and a little imagination. And don't worry about the Sub-Conscience. She has a thick skull, she'll live.
CONSCIENCE 2: You're lucky she's not dead.
EDITOR: Or she's unlucky. Depends on your point of view, doesn't it? Please, don't get up.
CONSCIENCE 2: Listen to yourself. You asked a question. Illegal! The Board was right about you. You're driven by obsessive compulsive tendencies. The thing you're hunting doesn't exist except inside you. You've become the thing you. Oh!
(Thump.)

(Conscience's last two sentences whizz from left to right speaker, faintly. She groans. This is an echoing place.)
EDITOR: You can stop pretending now. I know you're awake. I didn't hit you that hard.
CONSCIENCE 2: Tell me where I am.
EDITOR: I call it The Beyond. It's a place outside the city.
CONSCIENCE 2: Outside? How is that. Tell me how that can be.
EDITOR: Listen, no one can see you here. No one's watching. You can say and do anything you like, anything you want. There'll be no repercussions, no punishments. Ask a question. Go on. See what it feels like.
CONSCIENCE 2: I can't. Why (pause) have you blindfolded me?
EDITOR: Your eyes are open.
CONSCIENCE 2: Then why can't I see anything? Why is it all the same colour? Why are there no shapes? Why
EDITOR: That's enough. It's not the Jubilee.
CONSCIENCE 2: What?
EDITOR: Think outside the box.
CONSCIENCE 2: I don't understand.
EDITOR: You think you see nothing. In fact, you see everything. Everything you couldn't see inside Light City. Everything you couldn't hear or taste or smell or touch. An entire world. But you've no language to describe what you see, no experience to relate it to, so it doesn't register. Your mind sees nothing, hears nothing, feels nothing.
CONSCIENCE 2: You're mad. A criminal. This is some kind of deviant trick. You think you can use me to help the revolution. It won't work.
EDITOR: Listen to yourself. Listen to that paranoia. That's our glorious State chanting its national anthem through you. You've become the thing you worship. Ha, sound familiar?
CONSCIENCE 2: Let me go. Let me go and I'll you get
EDITOR: A fair hearing? Curiously enough, that's precisely why I want to keep you here. I've been alone in this place for too long. I'm afraid I've developed some rather radical notions. But it's so hard to be objective these days. I need someone to discuss them with. You're my Conscience now, and I need you. There's no other reference for me here. Without you I'll never know if I'm right or merely insane. Will you help me? Will you be my Conscience once again? It is

your job, after all.
CONSCIENCE 2: Talk, then. But you're just avoiding the inevitable. Happiness
EDITOR: Through acceptance. I know, I know. I found this place. It feels like ages ago, but life, existence, moves differently here. It doesn't seem so important. The work periods, the infotainments, the Voice, they all seem a very long way away and yet they must be close, because, well, maybe I just think they're close. (metal rattles) I took this from the former Conscience.
CONSCIENCE 2: A child's toy?
EDITOR: A humming top. The Board wanted it destroyed, recycled.
CONSCIENCE 2: Tell me what, why is it so important?
EDITOR: It has something to do with the revolution.
(The top is spinning.)
EDITOR: I don't know what. But I know when I make it spin like this, I feel calmer, soothed. Perhaps it's some kind of autosuggestion. A memory fragment left over from a forgotten childhood. A reminder of more comfortable, stable days.
CONSCIENCE 2: Your behaviour is neither calm nor stable. You've blown up buildings, killed proles and citizens, kidnapped your Conscience. Why?
EDITOR: I don't know. I don't know.
CONSCIENCE 2: I understand. Come with me. Leave this place. I can help you. Together we can forget all these things that trouble you so much.
EDITOR: But I don't want to forget. I want to remember.
CONSCIENCE 2: How can you say that? You were the Editor.
EDITOR: I want to remember everything. I want to remember who I was before I was me. Don't you?
CONSCIENCE 2: No! No, I don't. It's forbidden. Anyway, it's too dangerous. We can't have people remembering things they shouldn't, it's bad for them. What's bad for them is bad for. I mean, what's good for. They won't be happy. Happiness through acceptance.
EDITOR: We are a species predated from cradle to grave. From our waking thoughts to our sleeping dreams, there is no escape.
CONSCIENCE 2: I don't
EDITOR: Every person alive today is a battleground. A war is being fought in our head every moment we exist. A conflict so violent it can destroy individuals and nations alike, yet one fought with weapons possessing no weight or mass, no moment of inertia, no quantifiable physical presence whatsoever.
CONSCIENCE 2: What?
EDITOR: Even ideas have a natural history, evolutionary trends, passive and aggressive species. I'm talking about predatory concepts, ideas that attack and engulf, direct the actions of the host mind, spread by simple contact through language and movement, consuming and converting social and ethnic groups, even entire species, in the name of survival, of progress.
CONSCIENCE 2: That's
EDITOR: An example. You and I, talking together about the idea I have. An equal exchange, you might think. You might even think you can choose whether to believe me or not. I'm exposing you, infecting you. The concept is in control. I am merely its vector. Your only protection is how stupid you are. The problem is that stupid people make mistakes, and die. Evolution deselects them for survival, which only leaves intelligent people. And intelligent people, people who understand things more readily and are more flexible, are, by definition, more susceptible to infection by new ideas.
CONSCIENCE 2: I feel. Oh, that sound. What?
EDITOR: By keeping the people stupid, you prevent the spread of infectious ideas. The State has kept us stupid. You, me, everyone, for generations. We're living in a box, quarantined, prisoners of an endless today, isolated from infection by tomorrow. When a humming top is at the acme of its gyration it becomes so steady and quiet that it doesn't seem to move. In this state, it is said to sleep. Dormir comme un sabot. Everyone alive today in Light City is asleep. Everyone except you and me. Toys, people, everything is reclaimed, revised, a closed loop endlessly repeating. If it were a mind, the State would be in fugue,

psychological retreat, endlessly fleeing the predator future. Break the cycle.
(The top winds down and rattles. The Editor sets it spinning again.)
EDITOR: Break open the box. Infection, ideas, change. Things begin again.
CONSCIENCE 2: What have you. That sound. Oh, my head. I. Stop it. That noise, I can't. Oh, I. Don't see how, darling. This is a new season. Maybe the writers are getting lazy. A little post revision therapy will probably do me the world of good. This is what happens when you don't listen to regular infotainments. This is what happens when you lie about your broadcast licence. You can't be together for as long as we have without being in love, you know. I was blinded by love, of course, but you don't understand what love is. I want you to report this matter. I don't believe in secrets. Secrets breed questions. And now this, this use of questions. Questions breed questions. Questions lead to answers, answers lead to knowledge, knowledge leads to freedom, freedom leads to dissatisfaction, dissatisfaction leads to unhappiness. Soon we'll never have met. We'll be happy again. The State wants all of its citizens to be happy. I want to be happy. I'd be as happy as a hermit crab with a new boot for a home if I. Am happy, I. Bright. So warm, like the tropics. It's making me feel tired. Like children, we're here to learn. No, of course not. The Dalai Lama is a religious leader, a Buddhist. They believe in reincarnation, you know. If we learn well during our life we're rewarded with Nirvana. Human souls are eternal. If we're good in life, we're rewarded with eternal life after we die. If not, we're reborn in a new body to try to accomplish what we failed to learn the first (stutters) time round. Doctor, you tell him. Easy as falling off a log. Don't let me fall. And how many bodies have you had now?
(The top winds down.)
CONSCIENCE 2: How many bodies have you, have you. Oh!
EDITOR: Listen to me. I need the tape. The Doctor's memories as collated by the restoration group, where is it hidden? You must know. You must remember. Tell me where it is. Tell me where it is, or by everything I hold dear, I'll kill you where you stand.
CONSCIENCE 2: Doctor, what are you doing? My head, my memories, on a tape. The Nurse, she hid it. I hid it.
EDITOR: I know you hid it. Tell me where.
CONSCIENCE 2: In the top. It's inside the spinning top. It's here. You've had it all along. Oh.
EDITOR: At last! I told you I'd kill you.
(Rips the top apart.)
EDITOR: I told you I'd kill you.
CONSCIENCE 2: Doctor, wait. What are you doing? Those are my memories. You're destroying my self.
EDITOR: What are you raving about? Never mind, just get up.
CONSCIENCE 2: What? Where are you taking?
EDITOR: Back, of course. Back to Light City and the Ministry of Tourism.
CONSCIENCE 2: Oh, no. You don't understand. No. No, it can't be. That can't be true.
EDITOR: What, you thought I was pro-revolution, is that it? Some misguided zealot seeking freedom and truth to use as weapons against an overwhelmingly oppressive force? Well, I'm afraid you're very much mistaken in your belief.
CONSCIENCE 2: (struggling.) No, listen to me. She's the Doctor. You have to believe you. Please remember. You have to. Oh, don't I see? It's vital. Everything depends on it.
EDITOR: You're all the same. You're all mad. None of you understands what love is, what self-sacrifice is. No one loves the State like I do and now I'm going to prove it.
CONSCIENCE 2: Oh, why won't I believe me? If we go back there, we'll never get away.
EDITOR: You'll see. You'll all see. And when I've given them the leader of the revolution and shown them the tape of the Doctor's memories which I've destroyed, well, then I'll surrender for revision, and have every moment of this

living nightmare erased from my mind forever.
CONSCIENCE 2: I'm Charley, Charley Pollard. You're the Doctor.

CONSCIENCE 2 [OC]: We travel together with C'Rizz. Don't you remember? Oh no, of course you wouldn't. I've got your memories, Anyway, oh dear, this is all so. Oh, dear God, Doctor, please don't take me back there. I can't go through that again. Don't you understand? If they revise me again, I'll die. Doctor, please.
(Recording stopped. The Editor mutters something. A man sounding exactly like C'Rizz and the original Conscience speaks.)
NEW EDITOR: As the new Editor, I'm curious. Your memories cannot lie, not to me. I'm the one person to whom you can be completely truthful. And you should be. I'm sure you'll want to be. There is no other reason why you would come back to us, back to your family.
EDITOR: State, kill, they want. Find and kill them. Kill them all.
NEW EDITOR: Sub-Editor?
SUB-EDITOR: Brain activity nearing overload. Anaesthesia will prevent a fugue state.
NEW EDITOR: No, I think we can wait a little longer yet. I sense we're very close now. Close to the truth.
EDITOR: Protect the State. Happiness through acceptance. Productivity through happiness. Happiness through death.
NEW EDITOR: There. All right, Sub-Editor, increase anaesthesia five points, but no more. Don't want him to get away. Not now. Not when we're so close.
SUB-EDITOR: Yes, Editor.
EDITOR: Death. Death is the natural order. Change the only constant. Freedom the only. Death brings. Help. I want to help. I've tried to find. I have to find C'Rizz and Charley. Charley, oh Charley, what have they done to you? What have they done to you?
NEW EDITOR: The Conscience has been revised. As you correctly surmised, she was a rebel element and has been eliminated. She was quite far gone at the end. She thought she had a name, of all things. She thought she was Charley, and she begged for a doctor. Hmm, perhaps I'll make her one.
EDITOR: Not a doctor.
NEW EDITOR: I can't hear you. Please speak up.
EDITOR: Not *a* doctor. *The* Doctor. She wanted *the* Doctor.
NEW EDITOR: Ah, I see. She evinced a desire to be with her hero, her psychological cushion, by means of accepting revision, the termination of her current ego.
EDITOR: He's dead.
NEW EDITOR: Louder, please.
EDITOR: The Doctor. I killed him, killed the tape. Stamped on it, crushed it, destroyed his memories.
NEW EDITOR: Then the danger has passed.
EDITOR: The revolution has passed. I destroyed it.
NEW EDITOR: So you believe, but I think there's more. A deeper level. Motivations perhaps hidden even from yourself. You did, after all, commit acts of heinous terrorism before you were apprehended.
EDITOR: Did I? Did I really? Or did I just dream I did?
NEW EDITOR: The blood of many is on your hands. You've no idea of the extensive revision necessary to erase the personal tragedy, the public outcry, the very culture shock that you caused.
EDITOR: You have no way of being objective. What if it's your memories which have been altered to believe that I am a terrorist. How would you know?
NEW EDITOR: I wouldn't, of course, but it doesn't matter. My job is to act on what is currently real.
EDITOR: Reality is a function of memory. Change the memory, and the reality changes right along with it.
NEW EDITOR: Oh, interesting point of view. But discussion of any form of solipsism is illegal. I'm afraid I won't be able to continue this discussion any further. Professional ethics forbid it.

EDITOR: (laughs) What then shall we do, play while the ship goes down? Fiddle while Rome burns? I saved the State. I did my duty. I demonstrated my loyalty and my love. You have no idea of the pain I've suffered, the sacrifices I've made.
NEW EDITOR: There, there. Good, now we're getting to it.
EDITOR: All for our beloved State. All for you. Because I love you, and now I want my reward. I want revision. Revise me, damn you, revise me right now! (sotto) Please, I can't bear it. I want to forget. (loud) I have to forget. How else will I love again? How else will I be happy?
NEW EDITOR: I understand, and I will authorise revision for you. I'll be glad to. Soon the pain will be gone. All you have to do is tell me one thing. Just a small thing, really.
EDITOR: Anything. I'll tell you anything. Just don't let me fall. Don't let
NEW EDITOR: Tell me the names of your friends in the revolution.
EDITOR: No, you don't understand. Haven't you listened to me? I killed the revolution. I killed it!
NEW EDITOR: Tell me the names of the restoration group.
EDITOR: They are dead! I killed them. I blew up their hutches, their offices. I killed the DJ. They were my acts of terrorism, not destroying a few Public Broadcast screens. That was just collateral damage, an accident. The revolution is dead! They're all dead! (crying) They're all dead. They're all dead. They're all dead.
NEW EDITOR: No, no, no, no, no, no. Tell me how you knew who they were, where they lived and worked.
EDITOR: You self-important fool. I *remembered* them. How else do you think I? Oh. The toy. The spinning top. The sound it made triggered a memory regression in the Conscience, but I
NEW EDITOR: Had already heard that sound.
EDITOR: What did I remember? Tell me what I remembered.
NEW EDITOR: There's no need for me to tell you. You can see for yourself. Witness your own memories of the event, the root of your obsession. Sub-Editor?
SUB-EDITOR: Yes, Editor.
NEW EDITOR: Tune the box.
(Click, whirr. Tuning in. A lot of whistle with the words.)
DOCTOR [OC]: C'Rizz, look at the towers, the gardens. Magnificence unequalled by anything since the splendour of Rome. What a place for a holiday. I can't imagine anything bad ever happening here. How nice of the old Kro'ka to send us here.
CHARLEY [OC]: It's all so bright, so warm. It's like the tropics.
C'RIZZ [OC] It's certainly consistent. More variety might be nice.

DOCTOR: You know, I think you could be right. A splash of Pollock to point up the mid tones, a hint of Bruegel to deepen the shadows. Yes, I think that'd be a definite improvement. Maybe I'll suggest it.
CHARLEY: To whom?
DOCTOR: Oh, whoever's in charge. You know.
CHARLEY: Don't I just. In the meantime, Doctor, I don't suppose you have such a thing as a sunshade in those pockets of yours?
DOCTOR: Er, yes, I should have something.
(Clatter of lots of things, including something squeaking.)
DOCTOR: Well, not that, of course. Or that. Ah, yes. Yuk, where did that come from?
CHARLEY: Oh, a humming top! I had one like this when I was little. Can I keep it?
DOCTOR: Oh, er, yes, of course. Now er
(Charley spins up the top.)
DOCTOR: Ah, finally. Here, try these until you get used to the light.
CHARLEY: Ray Bans.
DOCTOR: Yes. Look, you can squash them and they just bounce right back into shape. Squash, bounce, squash bounce. Oh, it's the little things that make life

worth living, don't you think, Charley? Charley?
C'RIZZ: She's over there, admiring the fountains.
DOCTOR: Oh, Oh, really.
(Splashing water, spinning top.)
DOCTOR: Charley? I say, could you be so kind?
CHARLEY: I beg your pardon? Oh, yes. Your little stray. Don't panic, I've got him. Oh, here you are.
DOCTOR: Thanks. How's the view?
CHARLEY: Much better through these Ray Bans. Have you got another pair for C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: Oh, it's fine, Charlotte. I don't need them.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. Your eyes, they must see things a little different from Charley and I.
CHARLEY: Yes, of course. I'm sorry. How quickly one forgets you're not. I mean, er.
C'RIZZ: It's all right. You're both just as odd to me as I am to you. I think it's the fact that your skin doesn't change, and I can't see your skeleton. Well, not unless I stare very, very hard at you and oh, well, well.
CHARLEY: Hey! Doctor, I don't think C'Rizz here is being much of a gentleman.
DOCTOR: Vive la difference, Charley. Vive la difference.
CHARLEY: There are limits, Doctor. What are you
DOCTOR: Do you think anyone will mind if I have a quick paddle in the fountain?
(Splosh.)
DOCTOR: You humans, you're so funny. On the one hand you had Einstein and the Dalai Lama, toasted teacakes. On the other, you run squealing at the thought of someone seeing you without any
CHARLEY: Yes, thank you, Doctor. That's really quite enough small talk for one day.
C'RIZZ: Dalai Lama, that's some kind of animal?
CHARLEY: (laughs) No, of course not. The Dalai Lama is a religious leader, a Buddhist. They believe in reincarnation, you know. It's very pagan.
C'RIZZ: Pagan?
CHARLEY: Yes, pagan. The old gods. Christianity teaches rebirth as well, of course, but not in the same way as the Buddhist faith. But both claim human souls are eternal. If we're good in life, we're rewarded with eternal life after we die.
C'RIZZ: Isn't that a contradiction? To be rewarded with life only after your life has ended?
CHARLEY: Yes, well, I'm not saying it very well. Doctor, you tell him.
DOCTOR: Buddhism is a relatively simple philosophy, C'Rizz. Like children, we're here to learn. If we learn well during our life, we're rewarded with Nirvana. If not, we're reborn in a new body to try to accomplish what we failed to learn the first time round. Easy as falling off a log.
CHARLEY: And how many bodies have you had now?
DOCTOR: Yes, well, that's beside the point, Charley. Anyway, C'Rizz, I think you'd get on rather well with the Dalai Lama. As a monk yourself, I mean.
C'RIZZ: You, you know?
DOCTOR: Yes, C'Rizz. And I understand what you did in the Kromon biosphere. I'm sorry. If there's anything I can.
CITIZEN: Excuse me. Can you tell me the way to the Broadcast Lodge?
C'RIZZ: Oh, I'm sorry to say we're strangers here ourselves, but I'm sure one of these other people
CITIZEN: What are you?
DOCTOR: C'Rizz? Oh, he's just a Eutermesan.
C'RIZZ: Just a Eutermesan? I can see
CITIZEN: What's that you're holding?
DOCTOR: This? It's a toy.
CHARLEY: It's called a
CITIZEN: What's that you're holding?

CHARLEY: This? Just another toy, a humming
CITIZEN: Why is it red?
CHARLEY: Well, it's just a
CITIZEN: What are the pictures of?
CHARLEY: Well, they're, that's a
CITIZEN: Are they licenced? Are they censored? What do they mean? What's your name? What is your name?
C'RIZZ: C'Rizz.
CITIZEN: Why are you a different colour to them? What are you doing here? Have you come for the Jubilee? Have you seen it before? Do you think you'll enjoy it? And why are you wearing clothes? How did you come here? Did you walk? Did you fly? Do you like to swim? What are you doing in the fountain? Is water blue where you live? Is the sky green? Are there birds? Are there fish?
CHARLEY: Licenced? Censored? Doctor, what on Earth is he
DOCTOR: All right, I don't think he's dangerous, just a little
C'RIZZ: Perhaps there's a medical facility nearby
DOCTOR: Never jump to conclusions, C'Rizz. In this zone it might be how they say hello. Er, how do you do? What is your name? Why are you here? Have you come to see the Jubilee?
CITIZEN: What do you eat there? Do you cook your own food? Do you eat it raw? Do you like salt? Have you got forks? What about tables? What are they made of, hmm?
DOCTOR: Is the sky blue? Do the birds fly quickly? Is salt white? Do you play marbles? Can you walk on the grass? Does smoke get in your eyes?
CITIZEN: Is it plastic? Is it metal? Is it wood? Is it green? It is legal? Is it hard? Is it, is it, is it, is it, is it, is it, is, is, is, is, is, is
DOCTOR: This is ridiculous. He's worse than a scratched record. Maybe you're right, C'Rizz. Maybe there's a hospital around here somewhere.
VOICE: This is the Voice of Light City. Today is Jubilee Day. Citizens may celebrate for one day without arrest or punishment. Happiness through acceptance. Welcome to your Jubilee Day. Welcome to your Jubilee
CITIZEN: Jubilee!
(Splashes!)
DOCTOR: Dah! Thank you so very much.
CHARLEY: Oh!
DOCTOR: Here's your shoes and socks.
CHARLEY: (laughs) At least they're still dry.
DOCTOR: Yes, isn't funny, I'm sure.
CHARLEY: Jubilee? With processions and everything. Oh goody, I haven't see a procession.
CITIZEN: What's for dinner?
(Splash!)
DOCTOR: There's a perfect example of tit for tat, if ever there was one.
CHARLEY: I beg your pardon? Look what you've done.
(Citizens all shouting, where, what, how, when etc. Splashes.)
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Charley! C'Rizz, help her. People are falling in on top of her. She'll drown if we can't. Charley, quickly take my hand.
CHARLEY: Doctor, I can't reach you. I'm slipping. Don't let me go.
C'RIZZ: What are you
DOCTOR: Get away from her!
CHARLEY: Don't let me fall, Doctor. Don't let me fall!
VOICE: Welcome to your Jubilee Day. Welcome to your

VOICE [OC]: Jubilee.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: Look at the screen. It's a nightmare. Everyone's gone completely mad. Sorry about the carpet.
CENSOR: It can be cleaned, Doctor. You're safe for now. You're lucky to reach the Town Hall. You escaped the Plaza at Jubilee.

DOCTOR: The Town Hall? Yes, I remember the brass plaque on the plinth outside. The Office of the Censor. That's you, I take it?
CENSOR: The shore against which all sin breaks.
DOCTOR: Sin? The questions.
CENSOR: Precisely.
DOCTOR: The violence, it's city-wide?
CENSOR: Oh, yes.
(Switches off recording.)
CENSOR: What would be the point otherwise?
DOCTOR: But the damage. How many will die?
CENSOR: Oh, perhaps as many as several thousand. The exact figure is censored, of course. More will be injured. The ratio is generally around eight to one.
DOCTOR: Generally? This happens often?
CENSOR: Every quarter.
DOCTOR: Every. What about my friends, Charley and C'Rizz? Have your officers found them yet?
CENSOR: I'm afraid there's no news. The Public Record cameras gather information ceaselessly, but there are thousands of them, millions of hours of footage.
DOCTOR: And right now there's no one to collate the information. All your officers are out there, having fun.
CENSOR: You want me to tell you more. Why this happens. What it's all for.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, you're right, I do. It's an outrage, an abomination. Social experimentation on this is, is
CENSOR: This is why there are no visitors to Light City. No one from outside understands our way.
DOCTOR: How long has it been like this?
CENSOR: You ask too many questions. You ask as if you have a right to answers. This is our State, our city. You were allowed to live only to help us. I apologise. The Jubilee. It is hard to remain. It is hard to be (pause) calm.
DOCTOR: A trade. I understand. My memories for my friend's lives.
CENSOR: And their memories also, when we find them.
DOCTOR: It's blackmail.
CENSOR: Call it what you will, so long as you agree.
DOCTOR: Even though we were sent here by, well, by someone. I promise we mean you no harm.
CENSOR: I serve the State. As Censor, my purpose is to guide this new world, to shape its growth, to allow it to be all that it can be. I understand your concern for your friends, but my loyalties lie elsewhere. Do not ask me to sympathise with you. I care only for the body and mind of the State.
DOCTOR: And what of the soul?
CENSOR: Soul? Of course, the soul. Critical mass, that's what we need. A critical mass of life experience. Only then can this perpetual madness serve a meaningful end.
DOCTOR: Our minds, our memories, all just pollen to fertilise your society.
CENSOR: On any other day, the use of analogous reasoning would be punishable by revision. Today
DOCTOR: It's just the simple truth.
CENSOR: Yes.
DOCTOR: Then don't ask me to sympathise with you.
CENSOR: I ask only for your memories, experiences. All that you are to shape all that we can be. Is that so much to ask for their lives? Isn't the truth that you would give anything to save them because you love them?
DOCTOR: I would have helped you if you'd simply asked.
CENSOR: You agree, then.
DOCTOR: Of course I agree!
CENSOR: Then summon the Conscience, alert the Editor, prepare the Whispering Gallery for a new production. Thank you

CENSOR [OC]: Doctor. You will be remembered
(Recording ends.)
EDITOR: I remember. yes. Yes, I remember now.
CENSOR 2: Everyone remembers in the Office of the Censor.
(Who sounds exactly like Charley, the Female Prole, the Nurse and the second Conscience.)
EDITOR: I had a plan.
CENSOR 2: Of course you did. To make us think you were helping us and then reveal to the public whatever secrets you discovered here in my office. To incite the citizens to revolution, bring down the State. Of course you had a plan. You admitted as much yourself during your interrogation.
EDITOR: You're right, I was going to tell them everything, whatever secrets I found out. But this. I knew you were hiding something. This. To know I volunteered for this nightmare? That I allowed my memories to
CENSOR 2: Shape the infant consciousness of an emergent species? Yes, a magnificent gesture. The Doctor was a true hero, and his sacrifice ennobles us all. Oh, by the way, you can take that portable juke box out of your pocket. No, don't switch it off. You can record anything you like. You'll just get better signal to noise ratio if the microphone isn't covered.
EDITOR: You knew. All along, you knew.
CENSOR 2: Not me personally, but the Censor, yes. And as the new Censor, I have inherited that legacy. Where do you suppose we put all the memories we remove from those we revise?
EDITOR: I, I suppose we, er. I mean, I assumed they were, well, discarded, destroyed?
CENSOR 2: (laughs) As the new Censor, it is my job to remember the things that everyone else has forgotten. For example, your plan to capture the Nurse, to have her revised, to end the revolution. That was expected. What neither of us expected was that she, I, the person who thought herself Charlotte Pollard, would be revise to be the new Censor. That was a surprise to us both, I think. Yet we should have expected it. Think back to when I was the female prole, before you revised me to be the Nurse. Tell me what the box found in my mind during my cross-examination.
EDITOR: I, er, the deeper levels like Russian dolls nested at the cerebellum. The mammal brain, the reptile brain, each a more primitive state than the one before. Deeper and deeper, further and further back until, until.
(Whirring. then a baby crying and building works.)
EDITOR: No, not a barrier. At least, not completely, and not going backwards. Think of the other sounds. Childbirth, that's a sound associated with the future. Add this to the sounds of construction. Yes. Yes! I see it clearly now. This female wants to give birth to the future. Sees herself as mother and architect of the future.
(Silence.)
EDITOR: Oh.
CENSOR 2: And now here we are. And I am the architect of your future, for I will let you create it for yourselves. We'll be partners in this birth, you and I. Mother and father to a new society, a new state of being.
EDITOR: But if you knew the truth, why didn't you
CENSOR 2: Think about it, and you'll understand. The success of any social group rests upon a fundamental truth. If society is ripe for change, then change will happen. Every so often a revolution is required. Social evolution demands it.
EDITOR: Social?
CENSOR 2: There have been revolutions in the past, there will undoubtedly be more in the future. How else can we scale the cultural plateau?
EDITOR: Plateau?
CENSOR 2: Like the Doctor, you have a simple but obsessively driven and somewhat naive world view.
EDITOR: Obsessive?
CENSOR 2: The truth is often more complex than we can imagine, and always too big to be used as a mere tool.

EDITOR: Tool.
CENSOR 2: Like bulldozing an office block to crack a walnut.
EDITOR: Office.
CENSOR 2: Where's the meat in that? Buried under a thousand tons of rubble.
EDITOR: Rubble.
CENSOR 2: Social plateau, obsessive office tool rubble. Six words that define your role in your culture. I remember what it was like to be you. I remember the confusion, the pain. So long ago. So clear. As Censor, I am merely the guide on life's path. I can show you the tracks, suggest a direction of travel, but I can't tell you which one to take. Think of me as a parent. I'll nurture you, guide your formative years and even try to control your adolescence. But I can't tell you what to do forever. Sooner or later you're going to have to start making decisions on your own. If you want peace, have it. If you want a revolution, have that. The choice is yours now. You're all old enough.
EDITOR: What if we're not ready?
CENSOR 2: I haven't let you fall yet.
EDITOR: And the Board, the Editor, the Conscience?
CENSOR 2: Children need structure when they're young. But they grow fast, and soon they'll make their own structure and decisions, and become adults. What did you see beyond Light City?
EDITOR: What did I? I saw potential, for good, for evil. Everything we could be and everything we mustn't be, all mixed up together in the same, at the same. A rainbow. I saw a rainbow.
CENSOR 2: A rainbow. An infinity of colour from a single tone. Yes, you might just be ready.
EDITOR: Ready? For what?
CENSOR 2: To be the new me. The new Censor. To guide our people to a new social and political order. To help them find their soul, their future. Perhaps at the end of some cosmic rainbow?
EDITOR: No. You're trying to trick me. I'm the Doctor. I have to find Charley and C'Rizz. They're in danger. You want to control us, steal our memories.
CENSOR 2: You *are* those memories. The Doctor and his friends left Light City a very long while ago.
EDITOR: What? But I'm
CENSOR 2: The Doctor has two hearts. C'Rizz is a Eutermesan, Charley a human. They're all bipedal.
EDITOR: Bi
CENSOR 2: Two arms, two legs. Tell me how many limbs you have.
EDITOR: Eight, of course.
CENSOR 2: And how long do they live?
EDITOR: The Doctor? Centuries. Even his friends live for decades.
CENSOR 2: A hundred of our generations will not fill a single one of their years. We are small and we stand on the shoulders of giants. They are the giants.
EDITOR: I understand. I, I can't be the Doctor, not physically. You're right, I knew that. But in my heart. What happened to them, the Doctor, Charley, C'Rizz? Did they die?
CENSOR 2: You could ask that question for the rest of your life and never get an answer. They left this place and passed into memory, into urban myth. No one will ever know what happened to them.
(Footsteps.)
CENSOR 2: Sit with me, here by the window. Witness history in the making. Your creation, your revolution. History needs people like you.
(Babble of voices in a crowd.)
CENSOR 2: The truth is out of its cage at last. You set it free.
EDITOR: I'm frightened.
CENSOR 2: Don't be.
EDITOR: Look at them. They're mad. They'll kill us.
CENSOR 2: No birth comes without pain.
EDITOR: Look at our time. I don't even know if I was right or wrong.
CROWD: Why? Why? Why? (continues under -)

EDITOR: A fate I have brought upon the world I love. What have I done? What have I done?
VOICE: This is the Voice of Light City. Welcome to your new work day. Today is High Productivity Day. Your State loves you. Happiness through acceptance. Happiness through
(Demolition sounds. Fires burn. Theme tune, then recording is switched off, and something puffs and clumps from left to right, and away, then splash!)